

THE
DESIGN
OF THE
FRONTISPIECE.

LO, DEATH invested in a Rob of Ermine,
Triumphant sits, embellished with Vermine,
Upon a Pile of dead men's Skulls, her Throne;
Pell well subduing all, and sparing none.
A scrutinous judgement will the Type rescene,
You may imagine, 'Tis DEATH's Parliament,
Upon the World it's pow'r'full Foot doth tread,
For, all the world, or is, or shall be dead.
One hand the Scepter, t' other holds our Mirrour,
In courtesie to shew poor flesh its errour?
If men forget themselves, it tells 'em home,
They're Dust and Ashes, All to this must come.
To view their fate herein, some will forbear,
Who wave all thought of Death as too severe:
But lo! now, Death's (though 'tbe unknown how nie)
A Point, on which depends ETERNITY,
Either to live Crown'd with perpetual Blisse,
Or howl tormented in Hell's dark Abyss.
With winged haste our brittle lives do pass,
As runs the gliding Sand t' th' Hour-glass,

If more you would, continue on your Look
No more upon the Title, but the Book.

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THE
MIRROVR
which
Flatters
not

that they were wise, that they understood This,
that they would Consider their latter End! Deut: 32:6

MORS sola fatetur.

Quantula sint hominum corpuscula. ————— Juvenal.

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Tran
F.P.

Om

Printed
J. Thral
of al

THE
MIRROUR
WHICH
FLATTERS NOT:

Concerning the contempt of
the World, or the Meditation of
Death; of *Philip* King of Macedon,
Saladine, *Adrian*, and *Alex-*
ander the Great.

By
e *Sieur* de la SERRE, Historio-
grapher of FRANCE.

Transcribed ENGLISH from the
FRENCH, by *T. Cary*, Esq.

Horat.

Omne crede Diem tibi diluxisse Supremum.

LONDON,
Printed by *E. Tyler* for *R. Thrale*, and
Thrale; and are to be sold at his shop at the Sign
of the Cross-Keys, at *S. Pauls Gate* 1664.

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TO THE
KING
of Great
BRITAIN.

SIR,

IF the Greatness of Kings derive its
value and lustre from the number of
Virtues which they possess; I render
you now the homage of my observance
and submissions, as to one of the greatest
Monarchs of the World, since you are
the Majesty of all Virtues together.
What an agreeable compulsion is this, to
see a man's self powerfully forced to be-
come the subject of a forrain Prince, by
the sovereign authority of his merit? To
this point am I reduced, SIR: Your all
royal perfections impose upon me so ab-
solutely such sweet laws of servitude
that I have no more liberty, but to ac-
cept its yolk. And in this, my inclina-
tion and duty make a fresh injunction.

over me, which dispute preheminence
with all the rest: for who can keep him-
self from rendering homage to your Ma-
jesty, the only fame of whose Renown
captivates through all the Universe
instructing us, that you are as absolute
over your Passions, as over your Sub-
jects; and that you reign, as Sovereign
in the esteem of men, as in your Royal
Estates: And the truth of this sets your
glory at so high a worth, that the feli-
city on't may perhaps be envied you;
but the like Merit not to be reacht by o-
thers, because Nature is very sparing of
the like gifts, and Heaven does not eve-
ry day such miracles. For me, I am but
one of the Admirers, not of the great-
ness of your Dominion (although on-
ly the vast extent of the Ocean marks
out its limits) but of all the divine qua-
lities which you only possess in proper as
a Good, which Time, Fate, nor Death
can take from you. Nor is this the all in
all, to be Wise, Valiant, and Generous,
in the height of Native deduction; All
these

these Titles of Honour have degrees of eminence, which mark out to us the gradations of their several perfections, and whereof your Majesty shews us now the only pattern, having in possession all admirable Virtues; with so much purity and luster, as dazzles its very enviers, and forces them to adore that in your Majesty, which elsewhere they admire not. And it is my belief, that you stand thus unparallel even amongst your semblables, since besides the Crowns of your Cradle, you carry above them others, and such as shall exempt you from the Grave. I avow, that I have studied long time to speak condignely of your Majesty; but although my pains and watchings are equally unprofitable, my defect yet is still glorious howsoever, that it is a shadow from your Light. It sufficeth me to have taken Pen in hand, to publish only, that I am,

S I R,

Your MAJESTIES
Most humble, and most
obeyfant Servant,

-P. de la SERRE.

TO THE
QUEEN
of Great
BRITAIN.

MADAME,

I Could not *approach*, but with a *MIR-
ROUR* in my *hand*, before your
Majesty; the splendour of whose magni-
ficence dazzles so powerfully all the world,
that I am not able to behold the immediate
presence of it, but by the reflection of its
Rayes. Without fiction, *MADAME*,
Your *Glory* is arrived to the point of ren-
dring your *perfections* so unknown, as be-
ing so above the *commune*, that I believe
most men honour you now by *observance* and
example only, as not able otherwise to reach
the depth of the *just reasons* they might
have for it. Nor is this *All*, to say that
you are *solely fair*, and *perfectly chaste*; but
it is necessary, beyond all *this*, to intimate
secretly, in the *Language of Thought*, all the
divine qualities which you possess of *Super-
eminence* in all things, since their purity can-
not

not discend to the capacity of our discourse, without suffering a kind of prophanation. From hence is it, that if I should call you, *The compleatly-perfect*, I might well say in effect that which you are; but never thus should I represent the greatness of your merits, since every of them in it self ha's such particular perfections, as might challenge Altars from us, if your humility could permit it: These are such Truths (*MADAME*) as hinder me from praising your Majesty, not knowing how to expresse my self con-dignelly. Well might I perhaps suggest it to remembrance, that your particular inclinations are the publick Virtues which we adore; and that of the same temperament of humour, Nature composed heretofore the Sages of the World: But of all these discourses notwithstanding, I cannot frame one only praise sufficiently adequate to your worth, seeing it is elevated beyond all Eulogiums. Insomuch, that if Admiration it self teach not a new Language to posterity, wherein to proclaim aloud the favours and graces wherewith Heaven hath accomplished you; it must content it self, to reverence your Name, and adore your Memory, without presumption of speech of your actions, as being ever above all valuation.

uation, as well as imitation. To instance the immortality of your AUGUSTICK Race, although it be a pure Source of Honour, which can never be dried up; yet all these Titles of a Kings Daughter, Sister, and Wife, can never adde to your Renown, which derives its value rather from the admirabilities of your Life, then the greatness of your Birth. Insomuch (MADAME) that the Scepters and Crowns of your Royalties, are the meanest Ornaments wherewith your Majesty can deck it self; since the least glimpse of the least of your Actions, dusks the luster of all the other magnificences, which environ you. And I believe, had those Wonders of the World been of such a worth, as every day you descry, they had powerfully resisted against the assaults of Ages: but as they had nothing admirable in them, but the Name, Memorials have preserved that, and let them perish. But yours (MADAME) which are too perfect for a sutable Name, shall not cease to survive the revolutions of Times, as being enlivened by Virtue, which alone can exempt from Death. Let it not seem strange then, if I hazard the perills of the Sea, to render Homage to a Queen, whose Greatness perforce humbles the most arrogant spirits,

rits, being not able, so much as in thought,
to reach to the first degree of her Glory.
The Graces themselves are hers, and the
VIRTUES have allied their own and
her Name; and all the adorable qualities
which are found here below, are admirable
in her alone, as in their Source. I am con-
strained to be silent (MADAME) being
over-charged with too much subject of
speech. The number of your Perfections
astonishes me, the greatness of your Merit
ravishes me, the splendour of your Virtue
dazles me: And in this dazle, this trans-
port, this excess of admiration, wherein
my senses and spirits are all alike engaged;
I am compelled to cast my self at the feet of
your Majesty, and demand pardon of the
boldness which I assume only to enjoy the
style of,

MADAME,

YOUR MAJESTIES

Most humble, and most

obedient Servant,

P. de la SERRE.

TO THE
Q U E E N
O F
G R E A T B R I T A I N .

upon the
M I R R O U R
Which Flatters not, Of le Sieur de la
S E R R E .

S O N N E T .

PRinceſs, this perverſe Age's glorious gemm,
 whoſe leaſt of Virtues ſeems a prodigie;
Illuſtrious Sien, of the faireſt Stemm,
That Heaven e're ſhew'd this Univerſe's eye;
Though Fate with thouſand hind'ances averſe,
Barrs me the piace, to which my duty's bent:
I cannot cheer my Soul from ſelf-torment,
But by deſign to pourtray you in Verſe.
But ſince that Serie's ſhew's in this true Mirrour
The Virtues of your Mnd's eternal ſplendour,
As lively as your Body's beautilous meaſure,
My heed to view you here, lets others paſt;
So well I here agnize all your rare treaſure,
That I ne're ſaw a better Cryſtal-glaſs.

Par le Sr. C.

To

To the AUTHOR,
upon the same subject.

STANZA'S.

DIvine Spirit, *knowing* Soul,
Which with lovely sweet controul
Rank'st our Souls these good rules under,
Which thy Pen layes down with wonder,
Whil'st the sweetness of thy Voice
Breathes oracular sacred noise.

All thy Works so well esteem'd
Through Europe, proofs are deem'd
Of thy Gifts, which all admire,
Which such Trophies thee acquire.
And with these thy Muse invested,
Orpheus is by thee out-crested.

Also since blind Ignorance
Makes no more abode in France,
Seldome can we meet with such,
As the works of thy sweet touch:
Such immortal strains of spirit,
As do thousand Laurels merit.

But

But although thy active Muse
Wonders did before produce,
As we seldome see the like;
This doth with amazement strike:
'Tis a Mirrour, that doth shine
More with Fire, then Cry stalline.

'Tis a Mirrour never flatters,
On my eyes such rayes it scatters,
That therewith I daz'd am,
Searching for thee in the same,
By some charm, or stranger case,
I see thy spirit, not thy face.

This strange fashion doth amaze me,
When I (ne're so little) gaze me,
I am straight all on a fire,
The more I look, more I admire:
'Tis a mirrour sure of flame,
Sparkling, more we mark the same.

Yet not every prying eye
Shall it-self herein espie;
'Tis not for so commune use,
Free from flattering abuse;
None so clearly here are seen,
As King Charles, and his fair Queen.

here-

*Therefore thus the Author meant,
To the World it to present;
Since it is a thing so rare,
And unparalleled fair;
That it should a Tablet be
For the fairest he could see.*

*Serres, this thy work-man-ship
Doth my spirit over-strip,
With such judgement, and such grace,
Thou do'st shew in little space
Three strange Wonders, without error,
Two bright Suns in one clear Mirrour.*

*And by this thy rare composure,
Shall thy Name, beyond enclosure
Of this present Age, obtain
Eternal honour for thy pain:
Writing to these Princes Graces,
Thou art prais'd in thousand places.*

Par le mesme.

Upon

Upon the Book.

SONNET.

Here, undisguis'd, is seen in this true
Mirrour.

The glory, or the shame of mortall story,
As Reason, or the miss-led senses error,
Do win the day, or yield the Victory:
Serres doth here lively delineate
Our every dayes vain wretched passages,
And what is destin'd after Funeral state,
To innocent pureness, or black wickedness.
Such diverse subjects in this one enclosed,
Such various objects to the view exposed.
Thou little Monarch, Man, small Universe
Thy Soul it lessons thus, and thee informs:
As thou art Soul, with heavenly fires con-
verse,
As thou art flesh, thou art a Bait for worm.

A Morallize on these, Sicur Serres writes,
Nor Comick Jest, nor amorous toy's endites,
Their Paphian Dames whilst others loosely sing,
The Knell of Death his solemn style doth ring:
Those subjects, which whole herds of Poets use
Thred-bare, his nobler Soul disdains to chuse:
While richly such a Reader These will fit,
Whose judgment prizeth wisdom above wit.

To the Reader.

I may, perhaps, seem strange, that I treat so often in my Works of the same matter, as of the contempt of the World, and Meditations of Death: But if the importance of the subject be considered, and the profit to be derived thence, a Man will never be weary of seeing such fair truths under different presentations. Besides the conceptions of spirit upon the same matter, are like the productions of Nature in the species's of Tulips: Every year she gives a Change, both to their Colour, and Array. And though they be still Tulips, she renders them so different from their first resemblance, that they can hardly otherwise be known, but by the name. The Minde does the same, upon the same subject; its Fancies, which are its ornature, and embellishment, render it by their diversity so different from itself, that it is hardly known, but by the Titles, which it bears, to particularize each conceit. So that if once again I represent unto thee the pourtrait of Vanity, and the image of Death, my spirit, which hath steadd me for Pencil, and Colouring in this Work, hath rendred it so rare in its Novelty,

ty, and so excellent in difference from the
which have preceded, that thou shalt find
nothing in it commune with them, but
name. Thou mayest consider moreover, that
I dedicate Books to Kings and Queens
every day; and that these objects of such emi-
nent magnificence do so nobly rouse the
faculties of my Soul, that I could not have
petty thoughts for such high Personages.
It is that, which, without ostentation, makes
me believe, that if thou buy once again the
Book, and tak'st the pains to read it, thou
wilt regret neither the Time, nor Money
which thou shalt employ therein. Adieu,

If thou beest of so good an humour
to pardon the Faults, excuse the
of the Impression.

T

The Scope addrest to the S E R I O U S.

L Et merrier Spleens read *Lazarill*, or
laugh
At *Sancho Pancho*, or the *Grapes-blood*
quaffe;
And tickle up their *Lungs* with interlace
Of *Tales*, and *Toyes*, that furrow up the
face
With wrinckling *Smiles*: But if they abu-
sive be
To slight *these hints* of their *Mortality*,
Urg'd by our *Author*; 'tis a foolish way,
And weakly does become *corruptive Clay*.
If they do meerly *carp*, and lye o'th' catch,
Harm be to them, that only for *harm watch*.
Solomon said it, *The deriding scorns*
Of fools are but cracklings of flaming thorns.
Let them that will our *sober sadnesse* shun,
Go to the merry *Devil* of *Edmonton*,
Or some such *Plot*, whose *Author's* drift
hath bin,
To set the people on the merry pin.

Here

Here is no *Scope* for such as love to jeer,
Nor have we *Theam* for Panto-Mimicks
here.

They that are ravisht with each jygging
Toy,

Let'em laugh on, and jolly mirth enjoy.

Fairly be this a warning, here's no sport,
And 'tis all one, if they be sorry for't,

Or if they care not. Sit they merry then,
Here's for the *Genius* of more solid men.

Serres salutes the serious; who are such,
Their better-moulded intrals he doth
twich

With stirring truths, and weigh'em to the
poize

Of equal judgment, without gigling noise,
Sad *Meditations* here compose the Look
Socratick-like, with no flash-bumour shook;
Dust, Earth, and *Ashes* are the *Epitaphs*
Here propriate to the best, and all the
Sights

Expos'd in this *True Mirrour* to the Eye,
Are *Death*, the *Grave*, and the *World's*
Vanity,

The frailty of mankind; and, some have
try'd,

Such pensive thoughts will lay the dust
Pride.

THE

THE
P A R A G R A P H S,
(So comprized in the *Emblems*)
giving subject to the *Author's*
Discourses following.

I.

Philip, the King of Macedon
Dayly was rowz'd, and call'd upon
By a shrill Page, whose Bon jour ran,
Remember, S I R, you are a Man.

II.

A Shirt is all remains, in fine,
To victorious Saladine,
At Death, a piece of Linnen is
All, that Great Monarch could call his.

III.

Adrian slights Triumphal glory,
In the Grave founds his prime story,
Before all pomp he doth preferre
His Mausoleæan Sepulcher.

IV.

Diogenes, in Cynick guise,
Puts Alexander to surmise,
I'th' Miscellany of the Dead,
Which is a King's, or Common's Head.

A

PROLUSION

*Upon the EMBLEME
of the first Chapter.*

Rise, for a *serene Morn* brings on the
day,
The *Sun* is mounted onward of his way,
The *Anthymne's* high among the feather'd
Quires,
A lively breath the agile *Aire* inspires.
Draw-ope the Curtains, do not close the
Eye
From the *fresh beauties* of the *Azure-Skie*.
Mark what a smart *Bon-jour* his *Page* did
bring
Each *Morn* to *PHILIP*, *Macedonia's*
King,
REMEMBER (Royall Sir) TO U
ARE A MAN,
The *hours* are wing'd, the length of *life's*
a *span*.

This

This pow'rful *hint* stirr'd up the *King* to
rise,

Whose name *Heroick deeds* immorta-
lize.

Gross-vapour'd, heavy-headed *sleepers*
wake,

In the bright *Morn* no more soft *slumbers*
take:

For *Action* Man was made. Our *Life's* a
Race,

He that would win the *Prize*, must run
apace.

Be not enchanted with the lulling *Down*,
That charms the senses in *Lethargick*
swoon;

Leave the enclosure of *Bed Canopie*,
And give the view more spacious *Li-*
berty:

For sake the grave-type *Couch*, where *Death*
doth keep

His nightly *Sessions*, imaged by *Sleep*.

He that's a *Dormouse* for the time is dead,
And is entomb'd already in his *Bed*.

Who knows how soon that *sheet*, whereon
he lyes,

May single serve t' enwrap him when he
dyes?

How soon these lazy *feather-bedded bones*
May Coverletted be with *Marble-stones*?

Where

Where no joint-suppling warmth shall give
refresh

To high fed veins, nor ease improved flesh
Where those pufft grossures, which ore-cu-
rious cost

Hath surfet-swoln, are putrified, and lost,
Who would be Epicurian, since 'tis thus
We that eat all things else, worms will eat
Us?

Or who would be o're-haughty, since to
Earth

He must return, as thence he had his Birth
Mean while, though life's quick-sand doth
hourly pass,

A sluggard sleeps out more then half his
Glass.

Be Active while you may, for Time's po-
haste-

Spurs on each forward Minute to the last.

Such thoughts as these best fit the Mor-
ning's prime,

To Rouze Men's Spirits to Redeem the
Time.

Let such our Matters be, ere Death's sad
Knell

Summon our wand'ring Souls to Heaven or
Hell.

THE

PHILIP
to Awa
S



PHILIP King of **MACEDON** comāded one of his Pages
to Awake him euery Morning, & Call aloud to him
SIR Remember that You are a MAN .



M

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subsiſt
earth
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in effe
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THE
M I R R O U R
WHICH
FLATTERS NOT.

CHAP. I.

MAN, remember thou art
Man, never forget thy
name, if thou wilt not
forget thy safety: Thou
art called *Earth*, thou art
made but of *Earth*; but the *Earth*
subsists, and thou vanishest; but the
earth remains firm, and thy dust
flies away: Study thy miseries, Me-
ditate thy disasters. Thou art nothing
in effect; but, if thou be any thing
imaginable, I dare not so much as
compare thee unto a Dream, because
B the

Homo ab
humo.

Man is a
thing of
nothing,
only in
appea-
rance
seems
what.

*One can
not give
the de-
scription
of Man,
but by
misery,
nor of mi-
sery but
by Man.*

the frailty of thy nature hath something both more feeble, and less constant : an Apparition hath above thee the simplicity of the Elements, whereof it is composed, a shadow implies yet the advantage of the Nobleness of its beginning, since the light produceth it. Nay lastly, a very straw, or an Atome, dispute against thee also with reason, for the purity of substance, since they are corruptible, without infection, but thy heap of filth gives horreur to thy own thoughts; insomuch that I am constrained to match thee to thy Self, for to suggest thee the truth of thy slightness?

What a goodly School is the world? and our condition a fair Book: and all the sad accidents, to which Nature subjects it, as so many gracious Lessons?

May not a man justly say that the earth is a Colledge, wherein the diversity of Times and Ages, sign out the diversity of Classes, in which we may equally make the course both of our studies and daies, under the way of those miseries, which accompany

company us without cease: the poorness of our way of birth, may stand us as a Rudiment in the first Class: the cries and tears of the cradle, are our Grammar: the creeping weakness, and pitiful infirmities of Boyage like so much Rhetorick: and now can there be a more subtile Philosophy, than that of the consideration of the calamities which are destined to youth? Is it not easie to become a great Naturalist by virtue of meditating the fruitfulness of our nature in the production both of ills, and pains, which continually afflict us? and what better Metaphysics, than contemplations of our Being, ever rowling to its ruine? Let us draw then the conclusion of this Argument, and joyn with as much reason as interest to these two Volumes so renowned, the Bible, and the face of Heaven, where all sorts of Sciences are in their source. This also of our mortal and decaying nature, since it instructs us the Art to pry our selves in our Corruptions, that we may recover our selves in immortality.

*Mishaps
and pains
are the
fruits of
be garden
of our life.*

*He which
goes out
Doctor in
the know-
ledge of
himself,
is igno-
rant of
nothing.*

*Death &
immorta-
lity are
nely se-
parated,
but with
the length
of an in-
stant.*

*Man of
nothing.*

*The world
subsists
not, but
upon the
foundati-
on of its
continual
revolu-
tion.*

*A va-
pour.*

*Man ele-
vating
himself
too high,
measures
the depth
of the A-
bysses of
his Preci-
pice.*

A Blast,

Smoak.

When I consider that the Earth was created of nothing, and Man made of this nothing, and the great-
nesses which environ him, are no-
thing at all, and all the pleasures
which he idolatrizeth, are also of the
same stuffe: I remain all confused
with astonishment, nor ever able to
conceive the subject of his vanity,
nor the reason of his arrogance, poor
corrupted Vapour with advancing
itself, is soon transformed into a
Cloud, to conceal its noysomnesse,
but yet, by way of this elevation, is
resolved into Lightnings and Thun-
der, and afterward retumbles into
the ditches from whence first it had
its beginning. A puff of wind which
rumbles in its own violence, angry
perhaps that it cannot subsist, but in
flying, and that the action of its con-
tinual flight, is the beginning of its
ruine. A smoak, which with a vain
assault will needs scale the Heavens,
and yet hardly can one well distin-
guish the intervall between its first
Being and Extinction: a poor glitte-
ring Worm which dazles none but
pur-blind spirits, and gives light to
those

those wormes, which devour it in private. A stream always murmuring, always drilling away. And now shall not all these goodly nullities, and all these pleasant *Chimera's* insinuate to us the vanity which they are of? shall these cozening appearances be stablish'd here below with Sovereignty? be it then only in desire, or in dream; for with what gilded rind so ere they be out-fided, Corruption is their Form, and Dust their Matter.

I am astonish'd that Man should be capable to mistake himself, even to the point of forgetting what he was, then, when he yet was not: what he is now, whilst he enjoys the beauty of the day; and what he must, one day be at the Sun-set of his life: Assuredly yes, I am astonish'd at it, since all created things may serve him for a *Mirror* to contemplate therein, apparently, the verity of his miseries.

The Heavens, though whirling about with a Motion, always equal in the same spaces of their carreere, do not cease to wax old, and even

A worm.
We are already, but rottenness, since already worms begin to devour us.

A stream
Every thing corrupt, the very eye which now reads these truths shall not be exempt.

Nature
exhibits us so many Mirrors of Inconstancy, as she hath produced objects.

*Since
that Na-
ture it
self is
mortall,
this se-
cond
exuse cea-
sing, the
ruine of
these ef-
fects is
infallible*

*Every
thing flees
away
from us,
and in
running
after
them, we
run to
death.*

their age represents to us naturally our decay. Though the Stars shine with a sparkling luster, as clear as at the first Day of their creation, yet as they are attached within those circles of Ages, whose continual motion is limited, they approach by little and little to their last West: where their light must be extinct. and the pace of their course shews us the way of our life, since Time conducts us all together, though diversly, to our end. The Fire so greedy, that it devours it self, when finding no more fuel to nourish it; is it not a Mirrou of the Lamp of our life, whose kindled Wick goes out, when the Oyl of the Radical moisture fails it? The Air, which corrupts continually, is it not an Image of our corruption? & without doubt the Water's transparent body, represents us the fragility of ours; and its liquid crySTALLINE, always rolling away, makes us see in its gliding, our flitting nature. The earth could not have figured us better then she doth, since we are to day of the same matter, and to morrow of the

the like form. What fairer Mirrour then that of Flowers, where we may see in one day the whole course of our life: for at Sun-rise the buds resemble our Infancy, at noon the same now full blown, our youth; and at Dayes-end themselves now quite withered, our last age. I will not speak of all the other Species of creatures animate, how every one in its self, though living, is an Image of death. It sufficeth me to cherish this remembrance, and leave to you thereof the meditation.

What shall I tell you of Fortune of Honours, Riches, and all those glorious qualities of Valour, Beauty and a thousand other besides, which vanish away with us? This blind Goddess hath a Mirrour under her feet, whose round figure shews us at once, both her instability, and our inconstancy. As for greatness and riches; the ashes of those which have possessd them, are as so many fresh Crystals of a Mirrour, *which flatters not*; wherein we may see the vanity both of their enjoyment, and of their possessors. Those other

The world is a Nose-gay of flowers, which by little and little wither all together.

Fortune hath nothing more her own, then her Inconstancy.

*There is
nothing
immortal
in Man
but vir-
tue.*

*Man is
the Mir-
rour of
Man, so
that by
due con-
templati-
on of one
part, he
may see
the whole.*

*All the
objects of
the world
bid us A-
dore, while
we but
regard
them
since they
are al-
ways
fleeing a-
way.*

qualities of fair and valiant, are of the same nature, as those sensitive and vegetable souls, which die together with the subject which they animate, without leaving ordinarily so much as one small memoriall, for mark that they have had a being otherwise: and in sequell to these truths, can you finde a truer *Mirrour*, then this of our selves, since every part, (nay what say I?) every action, and every sigh is an animate pourtrait of Death; Insomuch that we draw the breath of so many continuuate Gaspes, without ability of dispose of one only Instant, to give intervall to this exercise.

How is it then possible that Man should mis-know himself, having such faithful *Mirrors* before his eyes, where at all times he may see apparently the Truth of his Nature kneaded in Corruption, formed by it, and destroyed also by the same; Strange thing! he can see nothing in the World, but Images of inconsistency, and yet will not apprehend his own Change: whatsoever shall smite upon his ear, will resound nothing

nothing but the bruit of his flight, & yet he wil not think upon his retreat.

Lastly, his other Senses, and his fancy, shall have no other object but this of the continuall vicissitude of all things, and yet he will remain firm and stable in his vanity, till death ruine its foundation. Thus in the deceitful opinion, wherein he is, of possessing all things, he loseth the possession of himself; and having too much dreamed on his pleasures, his Life is past as a Dream without return. I must tell you one of my meditations.

I shall never be able to comprehend the meaning of those, who moan themselves against Fortune, the World & all the pleasures of this life. One forsooth will upbraid to this foolish Deity, her deceits without considering that he deceived himself in giving Trust to a Goddesse that ne're had any. He yet will accuse her to have conducted him still through craggy ways, and over-spread with thorns, as if in following one that is blind, a man should not hazard to run *this danger.*

*To muse
always of
Death, is
the way
of immor-
tality.*

*A man
may well
complain
against
Fortune,
these vain
regrets,
exempt
him not
from the
pain.*

The
world
may well
be the in-
strument
of our de-
struction,
not the
cause.

The
number
of those
whom the
world
hath de-
ceived, is
so great,
that they
that still
trust it,
are now
no more
excusa-
ble.

The will
is so free
that it
cannot
suffer
violence,
but from
it self.

Another will make ye fresh com-
plaints against the World, detesting
it's Sweets, cursing it's charms and
calling it a Thousand times, De-
ceitful, but why? one would say
to hear these plaints, that the world
began but now to receive its birth,
I mean, were but now newly crea-
ted, that no man knows it yet, and
that its first courzenages began but
now to be discovered? What folly!
Is not this to cheat ones self, to
have commerce with a cheater? The
world never yet bore any other
name or title, why then aym we to
nourish our selves with its delights,
whose after-bitterness impoysons
sensibly our souls? But if its charms
be powerful enough to tempt reason,
they are yet too feeble to vanquish it,
provided that the wil consent not, so
that a man remains convict of all the
crimes, whercof he may be accused.

What seeming ground then have
we to be enraged against those plea-
sures which we have received, if
our selvs only give them both being
and form? the Fancies conceive these
delights, & the will gives them birth,
they

they are the works whereof our imaginations form the Species, and our desires make the Metamorphosis; changing them into objects palpable, and sensible, which are marks of the seal of our depravedness.

Let a man then abhor pleasures instead of accusing them, detest their vanity in lieu of complaining of deceitfulness. But if they be criminal, they only bear the stain of their Fathers; and if they be complices of our destruction, 'tis we give them Birth, to give us Death.

Let men cease to lament of Fortune, since the Mirror of its flying scarfe, and wings, do express to the life its lightness, and our folly.

Let none Argue any more, that the world is cause of our ruine, since we cannot chuse but tread every hour over the dust and ashes of those, who have too late repented to have followed it. As for voluptuousness, 'tis a vain *Idea*, to which our passions give a body, to make it serve as a sensible object of their brutality, insomuch that it can do nothing, but by our first motions.

Pleasures
are the
greatest
enemies
of life, for
in casting
flowers
upon our
heads,
they fill
our hearts
with
thorns.

Fortune
still her
self, he
which
trusts her,
takes de-
light to be
cheated.

Pleasure
still takes
its force
from our
voluntary
weakness.
Tis more
then folly,
when the
folly of
others,
serves us
once for
our ex-
ample.

tions, taking its vigour from our force, and its power from our Sovereignty, and this renders us doubly culpable, pallating our faults, instead of acknowledging them, since Laments, rather than Excuses, might absolve us them.

Is it not that St. *John Chrysostome* toucht with compassion of our miseries cries out in astonishment of our weakness: *O World, how many hast thou deceived!* but this is its trade & profession. *O Fortune, how many hast thou made to fall!* but even yet still, while I am speaking, she gives employment to her treason, and exercise to her Tyranny. *O Pleasures committed in Sweets, and yet steeped in bitterness, how many have ye poisoned!* but yet their venome is so common, that the whole earth is infected with it. What remedy then, to all these ills? No other then this, to pry into ones self, in the *MIRROUR* of his own Ashes. A *MIRROUR* always hanging at the Girdle, and which flatters not. A *MIRROUR* whose glass, though more brittle, then one of Crystall; makes us yet

We can
no better
contem-
plate any
thing, then
in the
Mirrour
of our
Nothing.

yet to see that all the objects of the World are false, but that of our Corruption. A *Mirrou*, which represents us more lively in our portrait, then in our selves. A *Mirrou*, whose kind of shadow and *Chimera* makes us see in effect, that which we are in appearance.

All the Mirroues of the World flatter, except this of our miseries.

A *Mirrou* all miraculous, which preserves certain Species's of Nothing to render them sensible to our knowledge. A *Mirrou* all divine, which metamorphosing our bodies into shadows, yet expresses us so naturally, that the most arrogant cannot mistake themselves. A *Mirrou* lastly, which Nature hath charmed with it's own proper spels, to the end, that viewing himself herein, a Man may be able to resist the charms of the World's allurements.

I am greatly astonisht at those that preach, The knowledge of our selves, to be so troublesom, and difficult, since at all times, & in all places, of all sides & of all sorts of fashions, we are nothing at all; or if, by an excess of flattery and vanity, I borrow
some

If a man
would
still study
himself
he would
become
the wisest
of the
World.

Self-
know-
ledge on-
ly a fficile
to the
proud.

Humility
is a skil-
full
Schoole-
master, to
teach us
to know
our selves.

some names to expresse truly what we are, it can be no other then those of Durt and Mire, whose noysomeness takes away all doubt on it, from the most incredulous.

In what then consists this trouble of studying to know one's self, since the most ignorant may in this, go out Doctors in the school of our miseries: where lies the difficulty to arrive to this knowledge? when the very wind of our sighs carries away every moment, some of that polluted dust, whereof we be made. Where is this pain, say I yet, since our senses and spirits can have no other object then this of Inconstancy, as unseparable to their nature, as it is proper to our condition. And what can be this difficulty, when we are capable of no action more, then to destroy our selves? We must break this rinde farther.

I will believe that every one knows from whence he comes, and whither he goes, that his body is but a work of rottenness, and that the worms attend the prey thereof, as a nourishment which to them is destinated:

destinated : but it is important to consider that these truths, though sensible, are ofteneft put in oblivion, and this default of memory denotes that of knowledge. He which misseth upon his slightnesse, undervaleth (except God) all things; and vanity would never be able to surprise us, during the interim of this meditation. Man knows very well that he is Mortall, but whilst he never thinks seriously of the necessity of dying, this knowledge is forgot, though he dye without cease, and in losing the remembrance of his condition, loses the knowledge thereof.

Remember that you are a Man, said his Page every morning to *Philip of Macedon*. This great Monarch made himself to be rouzed every day from sleep, with the *Newes of Death*, fearing to be charmed with the *sweets of Life*. Greatness environ him on all parts, to make him forget his humility; but understand you not the delicate air, which he causes to be sung to the tune of his miseries : the Pomp and
Mag

A man knows no more then he remembers.

The remembrance of Death makes us forget the vanities of Life.

The way to passe our days contentedly, is to think every hour of the last.

The remembrance of the poor-nesse of Death, is a potent charm to resist the memory of great-nesse of Birth.

If we be different in manner of life, we are all equall in necessity of dying.

Magnificence of his riches dazle his eyes with their lustre, that he might never consider the wretchednesse which is proper to him. But you see how he makes himself to be awaked with the noyse of this truth, ever to cherish its remembrance: *Sir, Remember that you are a Man*; oh how many Mysteries are comprised in these words! Behold the allegory on't.

Great Kings, remember, you are subject to many more Miseries, then you have subjects in your Empire. *Great Monarchs, remember*, that of all the great extention of your *Territories*, there shall not remain you one only foot; so jealous are the worms of your glory. *Great Princes, remember*, that your Scepters and your Crowns, are such feeble marks of greatnesse, that fortune sports with them, Time mocks at them, and the Wind shall sweep away their Dust: *Sovereign Judges of the Life of Men*, remember that although you are above the Laws, *This* of Dying is inviolable.

The *Fable* is pretty, of the resolution,

lution, which the flowers and plants took to elect a King and Queen, and as the number of Voyces gave the election, the *Marigold* was declared to be the King of the Flowers, and the *Bryar* Queen of Plants; and under this toy, lie hid serious Verities.

Cares and anxieties surpass in number the pleasures of Kings.

Is there any thing fairer in all the borders of the Garden of Nature, than the flower of the *Marigold*? Its golden Tincture of the colour of the Sun, at first view dazeleth so delightfully; that the Eye amazedly gazing with admiration of its fresh-displayed beauty, can hardly retire its regards from an object so agreeable. But gather it, and dight it on you, and its sent produces a thousand dislikes in the Mind, for that one only, which you hold in your hand: for hence of a suddain the humours become dull, and melancholly having been annoyed with so fair a fulsomness.

Royalty is absolutely the same; The Scepters are as fresh flowers of *Marigold*, whose lustre and beauty equally ravishing, attract at first glance

If Crowns and Scepters were to be sold, wise men would never buy them.

glance to their admiration the Soul by the eyes; but if a Man take them into his grasp, or deck his head with them, he shall finde himself ill'd with anxious cares by this co-verture. If you doubt of this, aske *Seleucus*, he will answer, That the first moment of his Raign, was the last of his Quietness.

The Sweet-bryar also bore away the Royalty; for who would not love it with its Rose? O how both together have powerfull attractives, to tempt equally, both the heart to desire them, and the hand to pluck them? And 'tis in vain that Nature hath given arms to the jealousy of its prickles, to serve for the defence of its flowers: since these sharps are as so many baits, which irritate us rather with *Desire* then *Fear*. All the world insert it in their Nose-gayes; but the prickles remain, the Rose withers.

Say we then also, that Royalty is a fair Sweet-bryar, accompanied with its Roses; I mean many contentments of the same nature. Both together have great charms to affect

Thorns
are the
Roses of
Kings
gardens.

us both with love and desire, but the Bryars of the Crown remain, the Rose of delights withers. O how ponderous is the load of this greatness? And if you believe not me, enquire hereof of the puissant King Mithridates, he will often reiterate to you, *That he never sigh'd, but for the ponderous burden of his Crowns.*

SIR, REMEMBER YOU ARE A MAN.

But what is there here to pride in? May it be of the greatness of his Dominions? This is but an alien good, which admits not to be possessed but by vanity, since its honours and pleasures have nothing else but meer impropriety. To be an amply landed-man, is to have many toyl to sell, and small profit to make thence.

Sir, Remember you are a man. What may be his ambition? may it be to conquer the whole world, what will he do with it after conquest; since it is a Ball of snow, which Time melts by little and little, tumbling it without cessation.

Sir, Remember you are a Man. What might

Great miseries are destinated to great fortunes.

The felicity of Kings hath much more lustre, then reality.

Kings may trouble themselves to conquer the earth, it still triumphs over them.

*He which
makes
himself
to be ado-
red, is
rather for
to be
Deaths
Victime,
then to
be idola-
trized.*

*Man is
so misfe-
rable,
that I am
amazed,
he pities
not him-
self.*

might be his designs? Should he pretend to Altars; and Temples, what Oblations can be made to a Victime, whom Death holds continually at a bay? can Incense be offered to a Dunghill, or an Idoll made of a Sink? the very thought shocks common sense.

Sir, Remember that you are a Man. What can he do with his absolute power? A little stone makes him stumble; a straw can blind him; a shadow, an *Atome*, a thing of nothing are capable to reduce him to nothing at all. And is not this an object of pity, rather than of envy? Great Kings, these are truths too important for you, to lose their remembrance.

Well you may out-brave the heavens with a bristling eye-brow: the only imagination of its Thunderclaps holds you already in alarm. Boldly may you tread upon the Earth with a disdainful foot; the same whereof you are made, shall shortly be so trodden, when the worms are glutted with it. *Remember that you are a Man*, and that all the

the

the objects of riches and honours which environ you, are of the same Nature as you are. You are dying every moment, and every thing falls away without cease.

When I represent to mind your heads, diadem'd with a rich Crown, I conceive it a little point infirm'd and closed in a circumference, whose lines abutt at the center of corruption; lines of magnificence, which terminate at the point of wretchednesse.

If I consider you with Scepter in hand, methinks I see a simple shrub, planted upon worser Earth: the shrub dries up, and is reduced to dust, the ground remains that it was before.

Let me contemplate you seated upon your Thrones, deckt with your richest ornaments, my imagination shews me a *Jupiter* in picture, holding the thunder in his hand; for you are so weak for all your absolute power, that if you presume hardly to raise your head, but to look upon the Sun; your eys will water at the same time, to expiate with your tears, the time of your arrogance.

I have
said to
corruption,
Thou
art my
father,
and to the
worm,
thou art
my mo-
ther and
my sister?
Job 17.
14.

The head
that
wears the
crown,
wears
away
with it.

Scepters
and the
Hands
which
hold
them, are
equally
perisha-
ble.

A strange
thing that
the claring
should
blind me,
though it
be the
principal
of the
view.

Great

*All the
attributes
of worldly
glory ac-
company
us but to
the grave*

Great Kings, Remember then, that you are not *Great*, but in miseries. *Soveraign Monarchs*, Remember, that your Empiredom is but a servitude, since you are subject to all the disasters of your subjects. Powerfull Princes, one gust of wind defies to the struggle your absolute power. *Sacred Majesties*, I salute you to day by this name: but to morrow I will change terms, and call you *Skeletons* and carcases, to the end that in speaking this truth, all the world may know you, I will change my tone.

*Man
serves for
a shuttle-
cock to
all things,
since all
things
concur to
his ruine.*

How ingenious are the Poets in their fancies? They recount us, how that Inconstancy being banisht from heaven, descended upon earth, with design to have her picture drawn, and, upon the refuse that Painters made of it, she addrest her self to Time, who after he had considered her in all her diversities, made use at last of the visage of Man for the finishing cloath; wherein having represented her to the life, all the world took her for Man himself, since in effect 'tis but one and the same

same thing. O fair truth discovered by a fable.

He then that now would see the Image of Inconstancy, let him consider the Life-touches and lineaments of it, upon his own visage. Our forehead which wrinkles every moment, is it not the very same as hers? Our eyes, which by continuall use every hour, do already require spectacles, are they not as hers? Our cheeks which now chap-fall are in nothing different from hers. In fine our visages are the only **MIRROURS WHICH FLATTER NOT.**

*Man is
Incon-
stancy it
self, ra-
ther than
its pour-
trait.*

But what shall we answer notwithstanding to the objection of this truth, that, that which we see of **MAN**, is not the **MAN**. If his visage like a false Horologe index false, this our pourtrait of Inconstancy is meerly imaginary.

*Though a
Man
bides
himself
under the
vayle of
hypocrisie
his defect
awaies
breake
through.*

But is there any thing more inconstant than the spirit of man? 'tis a weather-cock for all winds, behold again the first draughts of the visage of Inconstancy: must we not of necessity compare his changing humour

The spirit
of Man is
much
more
changing,
than his
body: for
this chan-
ges only
in grow-
ing old,
but that
grows
old only
in chang-
ing.

Virtue
only can
render us
invulner-
able.
A virtu-
ous Man
fears no-
thing.

Every
Man
would be
immortal,
but none
takes pain
to acquire
immorta-
lity.

humour to hers, if a man would exhibit thereof but one example; and these are yet new lineaments, which represent us this levity. In fine, his thoughts, his desires, and all the passions of his mind, are but objects of vicissitude, capable of all sorts of impressions: so that in the perfection of the portraiture of man; Inconstancy is found perfectly depainted. Let us proceed.

The fictions of Poets are yet serious enough, to serve us often for sufficient entertainment of the time. 'Tis they which tell us of one *Achilles*, immortal in all the parts of his body save only his heel.

Great Kings; I will, if you please take you for *Achilles's*, and will give out, Ye are like him, invulnerable, but only in the heel. But of what temper soever your Arms be, to what purpose serve they you with this defect? This only blot dusks the lustre of your glory. Nature has done surely well, to prodigalize upon you thus, both her graces and favours; she hath immortaliz'd you but by halves. All your apparences
are

are divine, but something within
spoyls all; each particular is a Heel,
by which Death may surprize you.

Shall I say then that you are *Achilles's*? Who will believe me, since
your heads serve but as Buts to the
shafts of Fortune? To preach you
invulnerable, a small scratch may
thereon give me the lye. Truth more
powerfull than flattery constrains
me to call you by your name, for in
remembrancing you that you are
but Men, I suggest you to the life
all the dysasters, which accompany
your life.

Thou hast much to do, to make
Panegyricks in praise of man, O
Mercury Trismegistus, and to main-
tain so confidently, that he is a great
miracle; it must be then a miracle of
misery, since Nature produceth no-
thing so miserable as he is.

And thou, *Pythagoras*, which hast
had the forehead to perswade us,
that man was a mortall God; if thou
hadst made Anatomy of his carkass
the stench of his filth, had soon made
thee change this language. *Plato*,
thou reason'st wel upon this subject,

C

yet

It is only
the con-
science of
a just
Man is
of proof,
against
the stroke
of Time
and For-
tune.

Man is
so poor a
thing, that
one can-
not give
him a
name but
is advan-
tigious
to him.

*There is
no tongue
in Nature
which
can fur-
nish us
with
terms
strong
enough to
expresse
the misfe-
ries of
Man.*

yet without sound consideration, then when with an enforcement of spirit and eloquence, thou wouldst oblige us to believe, that man is of the race of the gods: yes surely, since thy gods are gods of earth, the cause is matcht to the effect, for man is of the same matter. *Plotinus*, thou also didst not misse it, when in favour of man, thou said'st he was an abridgment of the wonders of the world, for since all its wonders heretofore so famous, are no more but dust and ashes, man may hereof be the example, with good reason.

O how much more expert is *David* in the knowledg of our condition, when he compares man, not only to the dust, but to the dust which flies away, to show us, that, that little which he is, still flies away, till it be nothing in the end.

*Memento
o homo
quod ni-
hil es, &
in nihil
reverte-
ris.*

But how glad am I, O Lord, that I am but dust, to the end that I may fly towards heaven, for the earth I undervalue. How am I satisfied that I am but *Ashes*, that I may but be able to keep in my soul some little sparke of thy love. What glory and what

what contentment too, is it to be devoured by wormes, since thou callest thy self a *Worm*? Gnaw, O Lord, gnaw both my heart and intrals. I offer thee them in prey, and regive me new ones, that may offend thee no more. I know well that my life flits away by little and little, but how agreeable is this flight unto me, since thou art its object. I see well that my *Daiies* slide away, and pass in continuall course: But O what Consolation is it, to be sensible of dying at all hours, for to live eternally. O Verities; again, what ravishments have you to console the soules of the most afflicted? I return to my subject.

Ego sum
vermis, &
non ho-
mo.
Psal. 22.
6.

We read of the Priests of the Gentiles, that they writ letters every year to their gods, upon the Ashes of the Sacrifices, which they made upon the top of Mount *Olympus*, and I believe that this was upon design, that they might thus be better received, being written upon this paper of humility. Let us fetch now some truth from this fancy. Let us write every day to heaven upon the

Humility
is ever
honoured
by all the
world.

all the
parts of
the body
are as so
many
Charact-
ers of dust
wherein
may be
read the
truth of
our No-
thingness.

Seest thou
how Ahab
humbleth
himself.
I will not
bring the
evil in
his days,
1 Kings
21.29.

Recor-
dare
quas
quod
sicut ar-
gillam
fecisti
me & in
pulve-
rem re-
duces
me. Job
10.9.

paper of our Ashes, confessing that we are nothing else, and let us make our sighs the faithfull messengers of these Letters, as the only witnesses of our hearts. I will hide my self under the *Ashes*, O Lord, to the end that thy Justice may not see me, said *David*. What Curtaine's this? This Sovereign Justice which makes it bright day in hell, cannot pierce the *Ashes* to find underneath a Sinner. No, no, for the vail has the virtue to reflect the beams of this revenging light within the source, which produced them.

Remember that I am nothing, O Lord, and that thou hast made me of nothing, and every moment canst reduce me to something less then nothing; cries out *Job*, in his miseries. He finds no other invention to appease the mild choler of his God, then putting him in mind of his infinite Greatness, and at the same time of the pitifull estate whereunto he is reduced. Why should you take Arms against me, O Lord, (pursues he) when the breath of your word is able to undo

undo the same, which it hath made me. Remember, O Remember, that I am but what the benigne influence of your divine regards permits me to be; for on the instant that you shall cease to regard me, I shall cease to live.

Humility triumphs over all things.

Deck we then with Ashes our body of dust, and let us cover with a new earth our own, to make Rampires of proof against the thunders of heaven. See you not how its all-powerfull Justice, finds limitation in the confession of our being nothing. We need fear nothing, acknowledging that we are nothing. Well may the Thunder make a horrid rumbling, yet the Hyssope outbraves it in its lowliness. Fear and humility, ever abandon each others company. The only means to triumph over all things, is to vanquish Ambition.

Man, remember thy beginning, for thou art not made of Fire like the Stars, nor of Ayre like the winds, but of mire: from whence it is, thou joy'st all the world. He which can overcome himself, shall never be vanquish'd by a greater Captain.

O Lord, I durst scarce believe, that I am, If thy providence alone were not the prop of my being. But since thy goodness hath drawn me from the Abyſſe of Nothing; let thy grace cause me alwaies to

keep the remembrance of my original. Before Time was, I was nothing; now Time is, I am yet Nothing. But what happiness is it to be Nothing at all, since thou art All-things? for if I search my self in vain in my self, is it not sufficient that I am found in thee? I will then forget even mine own name, and muse of nothing, but of the *Chimera* of my being, since as a *Chimera* it passeth away and vanisheth. The only Consolation, that remains me in my passage, is, that thou alone remainest firm and stable; so that without end thou art the end of my carreere, and without bounds limitest the extent of my course, as the only object, both of my rest and felicity. See me now upon return.

What a
joy is it
to passe
away
continu-
ally with
all things,
towards
him that
hath cre-
ated all
things.

Heaven
changes
the sights
of the
Earth
into tears.
I man
its va-
pours in
d.w.

With what an ever to be adored lustre, appears the love of God in his day, in the work of Man? Would not one say, that it seems he made him of earth, that he might strow thereon, the seeds both of his blessings and graces! O fortunate Earth, which being dili-
gently

gently cultured, may bring forth the fruits of eternal happinesse.

Boast thy self O Man, to be Nothing but Earth, since the heaven bedews the Earth continually. But if with a provoked eye, it lancheth out sometimes its thunders upon it, her self doth afford hereof the matter. *Live always Innocent, and thou shalt not know what 'tis to fear.* Imploy thy self without cease, to measure the depth of the Abyſſe of thy nothingnesse; and though thou never pierce to the bottom hereof, thy pains shall not be unprofitable; because, seeking thy self in thy basenesse, thou shalt always recover thy self again much greater then thou art.

The Sun, this fair Planet of the Day, which with a continual aspect, contemplates all created things, cannot make reflection of his beams to see himself; as if his mother Nature had apprehended in making him so glorious, that the Mirrour of his light, might not be metamorphosed into a fire of love, to render him amorous of his own proper lustre.

Since we are of Earth, let us suffer this divine Sun of Love, to exhale the vapours of our sighs for so metamorphose them into the tears of Repen-ance.

We are all amor-rous of our selves not knowing for what: for our defects are objects rather of hate, then Love.

A Man
cannot
stumble
ordinari-
ly, but
through
perverse-
ness;
since rea-
son en-
lightens
him in
the very
worst
ways.

The La-
ver which
was be-
fore the
Taberna-
cle. Exo.
38.8.

There is
nothing
assured in
Life, but
its conti-
nuall
Death.

But the *Intellect*, this *Sun* of our *Souls*, has a faculty, with which it can both contemplate out of it self all things, and repeal again the same power to consider it self; which makes a man capable, not only of the meditation of the miseries of the World, but also of that of the afflictions and troubles, which inseparably keeps him company to the grave.

We read of *Moses*, that God commanded him to frame the * fore-front of the Tabernacle all of Mirrours; to the end, that those that should present themselves before his Altar, might view themselves in this posture of Prayer. O this excellent Mystery! Mortals, it behoves you to view your selves in the *Mirrour* of your Ashes, if you would have your vows heard.

God hath taught us an excellent way of Prayer, *Give us this day our daily bread*. But why O Lord, teachest thou us not to ask thee our bread for to morrow, as well as for to day? O how good a reason is there hereof? This is, because that life hath no assurance of to morrow; besides that,
it

it is an excess of grace, that we may be bold to crave of him, the bread of our nourishment for all a whole day, since every moment may be that of our Death. Reader, let this verity serve thee yet as a *Mirror*, if thou would'st have thy prayers to pierce the heavens. This is not all, to know thy body is a Coloss of filth, which is trail'd along from one place to another, as it were by the last struggle of a Life alwaies languishing. It behooves thee also to call to mind, that every instant may terminate the course of thy troublesome carriere; and that this sudden retreat, constrains thee to bid Adieu for ever to all the things of the world, which thou cherishedst most: *Thoughts only worthy of a noble spirit!*

I have eaten Ashes as bread, saies the Royall Prophet; but how is it possible? I conceive his thought. He entertained his soul with the remembrance of the Ashes of his body, and this truth alone serv'd as object to his imagination, for to satisfy the appetite of his Soul. *Lord give me both the same relish and desire, to repast*

It is not sufficient to muse on the necessity of dying, but to consider also that every hour may be our last.

*Psal. 103
9,
Cinerem
tanquam
panem
manduca-
bam.*

A man
to abse
himself
below
that
which he
is, being
so poor a
thing as
Nothing.

Si vitrei
essemus,
minus ca-
sus time-
remus.
S. Aug.

There is
nothing
more brit-
tle then
glasse, yet
man is
more.

my self still thus, of dust and ashes,
in remembrancing my self alwaies,
that I am nothing else. O sweet re-
membrance of my rottenness, since
it steads me for eternal nourishment
of my Soul! O precious memory of
my Nothingness, since able to satis-
fy the appetite of my heart! Let this
be the *daily bread*, O Lord, which
thou hast taught me to ask thee, to
theend, that all my desires together
might be satiated with this dear
nourishment. I recollect my self in
this digression.

Having diverse times mused of the
imbecillity and weakness of *man*,
I am constrain'd to cry out with
St. *Augustine*, What is there that can
be more frail in Nature? If we were
of Glass (pursues he), our condition
might therein be better; for a Glass
carefully preserv'd, may last a long
time: and yet what pain soever *man*
takes to preserve himself, and under
what shelter soever, he shrowds him-
self, for covert to the storm, he
breaks and is shattered of himself.

What reply you to these verities,
Great Princes? Well may you now
be

be arrogant; The fragility of glass cannot admit of comparison, with this of your nature; what seat will you give to your greatnesse? and what foundation to your vanity? when the wind alone of your sighs, may shipwrack you upon the Sea of your own proper tears? what surnames will you take upon you, for to make you be *mistaken*? That of *Immortall* would become you ill, since every part of your body, serves but as a *But* to the shafts of *Death*, *Invincible*, would also be no way proper, since upon the least touch of mishap, you are more worthy of pity than capable of defence. Would you be called *Gods*? your Idolaters would immolate you to their own laughter. Tread under foot your Crowns, if rightly you will be crowned with them, you only thus render your selves worthy of those honours, which you misprize: for Glory consists not in the possessing it, but in the meriting; and the only means to obtain it, is to pretend nothing at all to it.

How remarkable is the custome
of

*Man is
tully mi-
erable,
since his
life is the
source of
his mis-
eries.*

*A man
may do
every
thing
with ves-
ture, with-
out it no-
thing.*

*Heaven
cannot be
acquired,
but by the
misprize
of earth.*

*All the
grandeur
of Kings
is but as
the blaze
of flame-
ing Tow-*

*He which
esteems
himself
the least
of all,
is the
greatest.*

of the *Locrians* at the Coronation of their Kings; they burnt before them a handfull of Tow, to represent unto them the instability of their *Grandeurs*, and the greediness of Time to destroy them. In effect, all the great-nesses of the Earth, are but as a bundle of Tow; and then when *Darius* would make of them his treasure, Mis-hap set fire on them, and reduced them into Cinders, and when he had yet in his heart a desire to immortalize them, a new fire seiz'd his intrals by the heat of thirst, which burn'd him, to the end to consume at once, both the cause, and the effect. So true it is, that the Glory of the world vanisheth away like *Smoak*, *Great Kings*, if you build a Throne of Majesty to the proof, both against Time and Fortune, lay its foundation upon that of your Miseries. *Humility* takes her rise in lowlinesse, from the lowest footing, when she makes her flight into the heavens.

O how admirable is the *Humility* of Saint *John Baptist*! They would give him titles of Sovereignty, in taking him for the *Messias*: but call to
your

your memory, how, with an ejaculation of Love and Reverence, he precipitates himself both with heart and thought into the Abyſſe of his own Nothingneſs, there to admire in all humility, both Greatneſſe and Maieſty in his Throne. *I am but a Voyce*, ſayes he, which beats at the ears, to enter into your hearts.

A Voyce, which ruſtles in a moment, and paſſes away at the ſame inſtant; *What Humility!* Is there any thing which is leſſe any thing than a *Voyce*? 'Tis a puffe of wind, which a freſh one carries I know not where ſince both loſe themſelves in the air, after its never ſo little agitation, with their gentle violence. 'Tis nothing in effect, yet notwithstanding, the proper name of this great Prophet. They would elevate him, and he abaſeth himſelf ſo low, that he would render himſelf inviſible as a *Voyce*; ſo much he fears to be taken for Him, *whoſe ſhoo-latcher, he judgeth himſelf unworthy to unlooſe.*

Lord, what are we alſo, but a little Wind enclosed in a handfull of Earth? To what can one compare us without

Vox claman-
tis in deſer-
to,
John 1.
23.

Chriſtus
verbum,
Johannes
vox.

John 1.
27.

*A Man
is to be
eſtimated
in pro-
portion to
the un-
dervalue
he makes
of him-
ſelf.*

without attributing us too much vanity. True it is, that we are the works of thy hands, but all other created things bear the same Title, but if thy bounty hath been willing to advantage our nature with many graces, proper and ordained to it alone, these are so many witnesses which convince us, not to have deserved them, since our very Ingratitude is yet a Recognizing of this Truth. Insomuch that as our Life is nothing but sin, and sin is a meer privation, it may be maintained that we are nothing else, and consequently nothing at all.

*The most
just man
punish
seven
times in
a day.*

*What is
it for a
man to
triumph
here, of the
world?
the earth
expects
the spoyle.*

But how proud am I, O Lord, every time I think thou hast created me of Earth? for this is a Principle, which draws me always to it self, by a right of propriety; from whence I cannot defend my self; *All things seek their repose in their element.* O how happy am I, to search mine in that of *Dust and Ashes*, whereof thou hast formed me? The *Earth* demands my *Earth*; and my body, as a little Gullet, separated from its source, speeds by little and little, to the

the same source, from whence it had its beginning. And this is that which impeaches me from gathering up my self, to take a higher sight. I should do bravely, to hoise my self above my Center, when the assay of my Vanity, and the violence of my fall, are but the same thing. I give still downwards upon the side of my weaknesses, and the weight of my miseries, overbears upon the arrogance of my Ambition. O happy defect, and yet more happy the condition, which holds me alwaies enchained to the dunghill of my Original; since the links of this easie servitude, are so many *Mirroures* which represent me that I am nothing, whensoever I imagine my self to be something. Let us change our Tone, without changing Subject.

Ladies, Remember that you die every hour; behold, here a MIRROR WHICH FLATTERS NOT It shews you both what you are, and such as you shall be. But if notwithstanding, you still admire your selves under another visage, full of allurements, and sweets; This is but *Death* himself

*Pride
hoyses up,
onely to
give me a
fall.*

*A man
we doubt
may mis-
know
himself,
yet the
least his
of mishap
tears the
vaile of
his hood-
winknes*

*A strange
thing that
Death is
still as
near us,
as life,
and yet
we never
think on
it.*

*Time and
Death
are the
onely in-
exora-
bles.*

himself, who hides him under these fair apparences, to the end you may not discern him. It is true, you have gracefull Tresses of hair which cover your heads, and his is all Bald: but do not you heed, how he pulls them off from yours by little and little every day, and makes those which he leaves you, to turn White, to the end you may pull them out your selves?

It is true, your Eyes have a sparkling lustre, and beauty; but of his is seen only the hideous place, where Nature had seated them: But do you not consider, how with continuall action, he Dusks the glory of this beauty; and, in conclusion, puts to Eclipse these imaginary Petty-Suns.

It is true, your hue is of Lillies, and your mouth of Roses, upon his face is seen only the stubs of these flowers: but call to mind, that he blasts this Lilly-teint, as well as Lillies themselves; and that the vermilion of this Rosie-month lasts but as Roses; and if yet you differ to day from him in something, you may resemble him to morrow in all. I

leave

leave you to meditate of these truths.

Man is a true mirrour, which represents to the natural all things, which are oppos'd unto it. If you turn it downward to the Earth, we can see within nothing but objects of *Dust* and *Ashes*: but if you turn him to the Heavens-ward, there is to be admired in it beauties, and graces, purely celestial. In effect, if we consider *man* in his mortall and perishable condition, hardly can one find any stay in this consideration; since he is nothing else but a *Chimera*, whose form every moment by little and little destroys, to reduce to its first nothing. And indeed, not to lie to ye, *man*, is but a Puffe of wind, since he lives by nothing else, is filled with nothing else, and dies only by Privation of it. But if you turn the Medall (I would say, the *Mirrour*) of his Soul towards his Creator, there are seen nothing but gifts of Immortality, but graces of a Sovereign bounty, but favours of an absolute will. The heavens and the Stars appear in this CrySTALLINE *mirrour*, not by reflection of the object, but by a divine

Man; is as one picture with two faces, and often the most natural is falsest.

Man is nothing in himself, yet comprehends all things.

What though man be made of earth; he is more divine than mortal.

divine vertue proceeding from the Nature of his cause. Let us to the End.

*The
slumber
of vauis-
ties is a
merrall
malady
to the
soul,*

Me thinks, *this Page* returns again to day within the Chamber of Philip of Macedon, and drawing the Curtain, cries out according to his ordinary custome.

Sir, Awake, and remember that you are a Man : but why rouzes he him to think of *Death*, since sleep is its image? *Alexander* knew himself mortal by his sleeping; and in effect those which have said, that sleep was the Brother of *Death*, have drawn their reason of it, from their reciprocal resemblance. *Awake then great Kings;* Not to ponder that you are mortall, your sleep is a trance of this, but rather that you are created for immortality. *Remember you are Men.* I will not say, subject to all the miseries of the *Earth*; but rather capable of all the felicities of heaven. *Remember, that you are Men;* I will not say the shittle-cock of Time, and the But to all the shafts of Fortune, but rather victors over ages, and all sorts of miseries. *Remember that you are*

*A man
should not
forget his
heavenly
begin-
ning, ha-
ving bea-
ven for a
daily ob-
ject.*

are men; I will not say any more, conceiv'd in Corruption, brought forth by it; and also destroyed by it: But rather, I say, born for the glory of God, Living for to acquire it, and Dying for to possess it. Remember that you are Men, I will say no more slaves of Sin, the Flesh, & the World: but rather free for resistance to the first, strong enough to vanquish the next, and more powerfull yet to give a Law to the third: Remember that you are Men, I will no more say the pourtaise of Inconstancy, the object of every sort of ill, and the pasture of Worms: But rather, the Image of God, the subject of every sort of good, and the sole aliment of eternity, as created for it alone. Remember that you are men, I will not say, made of clay, animated with mis-hap, and metamorphosed a new into rottenness; but rather made by the proper hand of God, animated by his bounty, and redeemed by his Grace.

I wonder at this, that they should call Man a little world, since the least of his thoughts is able to sign out it's

If a man should consider his worth by that which he cost, he would love himself perfectly.

A man may do every good thing which he desires, since in his impudence his will is taken for the deed.

Man is sure a thing something divine, which is not seen even to it self.

*Though
be be
made of
clay; the
work-
manship
is yet all
divine.*

it's expansion beyond a thousand worlds. True it is, that he was made of Earth; but the Master which hath made him, having also drawn himself in the middle of his work (as did *Phidias*) renders him, more admirable than the Heavens. One might also judge at first view, that the greatest part of the creatures have many more Prerogatives than he. But contrarily the heavens, the Stars, and all that nature hath most precious, have in no sort correspondence or equivalence to his Grandeurs: let us see the proof on't.

I grant that the Sea may make us admire equally, both it's vastness of Empire, and efficacy of power: the least tear of repentance which a Man sheds is a thousand times more admirable, since it remounts even to the source of that grace, which produc't it, and consequently beyond the Heavens. I grant that the Air fills all, & its immense nature permits no vacuity, through the whole universe. The heart of man carries him far higher, being never able to find satisfaction in it's desires, if it's Cre-
tors.

*The heart
of man is
so vast
and spa-
cious, that
God only
can fill it.*

tors-self, though without measure, be not its measure. Let the Fire, alwaies greedy and ambitious, scale the heavens in apparence with continual action by the vain attempts of its ejaculations; The least sparkle of the fire of divine love wherewith man may be enflamed is so pure and so noble, that one cannot conceive an example of its perfection. Suppose the transparent heavens have no other matter, than that of form, and they render themselves thus wonderfull in their simplicity, as in their course still equall, and still continuall; the spirit of man is infinitely more excellent in its nature, and much more noble also in its actions, since it works without self-motion, but with a manner so divine, that its thoughts carry it every where without change of state or place. Be it that the Sun, all marvellous in himself, and his effects, produceth nothing but wonders. The Sun of reason, wherewith man is illuminate, is wholly miraculous, since it operates in a divine semblable manner: the virtue of other creatures vegetable, and

A man who loves God with all his heart, lives upon earth in the same fashion, as they live in heaven.

The Reason of man is a ray, beaming from the Sun of Divinity.

*Man hath
some ti-
tles of
Nobility,
to which
the very
Angels
themselves
cannot
pretend.*

*If man
were a-
gain to be
sold, who
could
ransom
him at he
cost?*

*A man
makes
himself
above all
things, if
he under-
value
them with
misprize.*

and sensitive is inseparably adjoyned also to the body of man, as its materiall: Insomuch that he contains, in a degree of eminence above all the creatures of the world, more perfections himself alone, then all they together have ever possessed. And I shall well say more yet; that Man hath certain puissances of disposition to elevate himself so high in his humility, that the Angels shall be below him.

But if I shall yet moreover poize Man, in the ballance of the Crose of his Saviour, and set him at the price of the blood, wherewith he was redeemed; Which of the creatures, or rather, which of the angels will be so bold, to dispute the pre-eminence?

Great Kings, Remember then, that you are Men: but more admirable in your governments, then the Sea in its vastness. Remember, that you are Men; but also capable to purifie the Ayre, by one only sigh, though even that sigh be made of nothing else. Remember, that you are Men, but a thousand, thousand times

times yet more noble than the *Fire*, since the Seraphins burn incessantly with those divine *Fires*, where-with your hearts may be enflamed. Remember, that you are *Men*; but more perfect then the Heavens, since they were not created, but to pour upon your heads their benigne influences. Remember that you are *men*; but more marvellous without comparison, than the Sun; since your Reason is a divine light, which can never suffer Eclipse, but by opposition from a voluntary depravedness. Remember, that you are *Men*; but also destin'd to command over all other living creatures. Remember, that you are *Men*; but also kneaded as it were, by the hand of one All-powerfull; formed after his Image, and redeemed by his blood, what can one say more?

Unto what a point of Glory hast thou then elevated me, O sweet Saviour? in abasing thy self even to the grave. After thou hadst formed me of earth, thou hast also taken the same form for to resemble me in all things. Thou I say,
O my

Man is an A-bridge-ment rather of the marvellous of heaven, than of the miracles of earth.

If a man had often muse of the ends for which he was created, he would therein set up his rest from all the iniquities of the world.

O my God, whose infinite greatness, cannot admit only the very admiration of the Seraphins, but through the Traverse of the Vail, of their ordinary submissions. What prodigy of bounty is this! Cause me then, O *Lord*, if it please thee, that I may estimate my self at the price which thou hast ransomed me for, and that in such sort, that I may live no more, but in loving thee, to die also one day of the same disposition. Let me be *bambly-baught*, carrying the lineaments of thy resemblance, that I may always follow thee, though not able to imitate thee. This is that, which I will continually implore thee for, untill thou hast heard my VOWS.

The magnificence
of man
hath neither
bounds
nor limits
since
God is his
end.

I advow now, O *Mercury Trismegistus*, that thou hast reason to publish, that *Man is a great miracle*, since God himself hath been willing to espouse his condition, to shew us, in its miseries, the miracles of his Love.

I confesse, *Pythagoras*, that thou hast had no lesse ground to maintain

tain than *Man* was a mortall God, since except this sweet necessity, which subjects him to the Tomb, he has a thousand qualities in him all immortall. I should, finally, have been of advise with thee *Plato* then, when thou preachedst, every where, that *Man* was of the race of the gods, since a piece of work so rare, and so perfect, could not proceed but from a hand Omnipotent, I mean this Rivolet of admiration could not proceed but from a source most adorable. I am of thy opinion, *Plotinus*, and henceforth will maintain every where with thee, that *Man* is an abridgement of the wonders of the world: Since that all the Universe together was created but for his service and pleasure. Say we yet moreover, that those wonders of the world, so renowned, are but the works of his hands; so that also the actions of his spirit in divine Contemplation can take their Rise above the Sun, and beyond the heavens, and this too now in the chains of its servitude.

Great Kings, be it supposed that

D

you

Though a man still fade away, he is yet a lively pourtrayture of immortality.

All the creatures are admirable, as the effects of a sovereign and independent cause: but man has attributes of an unparalleled glory.

The eight wonders of the world.

*Man flies
away by
little and
little,
from one
part of
himself,
that he
may en-
tirely en-
ter at
once into
himself.*

*This de-
fick of in-
constancy
is the per-
fection of
man;
since he is
change-
able to
day, to be
no more
so to mor-
row.*

*A man
is only
happy in
the per-
petuall
incon-
stancy of
his con-
dition.*

you are living pourtraits of Inconstancy: The perfection of your Nature lies in this defect of your powers, for this Vicissitude, which God hath rendred inseparable to your condition, is a pure grace of his bounty since you wax old only, that you may be exempted from the tyranny of Ages: since (I say) you die every moment, only to make acquisition of that immortality, to which his love has destin'd you.

O happy Inconstancy! if in changing without cease, we approach the point of our sovereign felicity, whose foundations are immoveable. O dear Vicissitude! if rowling without intervall in the dust of our original, we approach by little and little, to those Ages of glory, which beyond all time assign at our End, the beginning of a better Carreer. O Glorious Death, since terminated at that cruell instant, which separates us from Immortality.

It is true, I confess it again, *Great Kings*, that you are subject to all the sad accidents of your sub-
jects;

jects; But what happinesse is it, if these misfortunes are as so many severall ways, which conduct you into the Port. Be it granted, that you are nothing but Corruption in your birth, Misery in your Life, and a fresh infection in your Death: All these truths are as so many attributes of honour to you, since you disrobe your selves in the grave of all your noysomnesse, for to Deck your selves with the ornaments of Grace, of felicity and glory, which belongs in proper to your souls, as being created for the possession of all these Good Things.

Who can be able to dimension the greatnesse of *Man*; since He who hath neither bounds nor limits would himself be the *circumference* of it? Would you have some knowledge of *mans* power? hear the commandment which *Joshua* made to the Sun, to stop in the middst of his carreer. Would you have witnesses of his strength? *Samson* presents you all the *Philistins* buried together under the ruines of the Temple, whose foundations he made to totter. Re-

The greatest misery that can arrive to a man, is to offend God.

Heaven, Earth, Nature, the very Devils, are admirers of the greatness of man.

*Man may
be what
soever
he will
be.*

*John 19.
5.
Ecce
homo.
Behold
the Man.*

*The name
Man is
now
much
more no-
ble than
that of
Angels.
With
what new
rinds soe-
ever a
man be
covered,
he bears
still in his
forehead
the marks
of his
Creator.*

quire you some assurances of his courage? *Job* offers you as many as he has sores upon his body. In fine, desire you some proofs of his happiness? Heaven hath fewer of Stars, than of felicities to give him. What name then shall we attribute him now, that may be capable to comprehend all his glory? There is no other than this of *Man*; and *Pilate* did veryworthily (no doubt) to turn it into mockage before the Jews; he shews them a God under the visage of a *Man*. Let the world also expose the miseries of *Man* in publick; His Image of Earth is yet animated with a divine spirit, which can never change Nature. Well may they tear his bark, the *Inmate* of it is of proof against the strokes of Fortune, as well as the gripes of *Death*. The *Man* of Earth may turn into Earth; but the *Man* of Heaven takes his flight always into Heaven. That *Man* I say, fickle and inconstant, kneaded and shap't from dirt, with the water of his own tears may resolve, into the same matter: But this stable and constant *Man*, created

ted by an omnipotent hand, remains unceſſantly the ſame, as incapable of alteration.

Rouze then your ſelves from ſleep great *Princes*; not for to remember *Death*, but rather to repreſent unto your ſelves that you are immortal, ſince *Death* hath no kind of Dominion over your Souls, which make the greateſt, as being the Nobleſt, part of you.

Awake then great *Monarchs*; not for to muſe of this neceſſity, which draws you every hour to the tomb, but rather to conſider, that you may exempt your ſelves from it, if your Actions be but as ſacred as your Majelties.

Great *PRINCES*, awake, and permit me once more to remembrance You, that you are *Men*, I mean the Maſter-piece of the works of God; ſince this divine work-Maſter hath in concluſion metamorphoſed himſelf into his own work. My feathered pen can fly no higher.

Thoſe which have propounded that Man was a New world, have found out proportionable relations,

He that would always muſe of Eternity, would without doubt, acquire its glory.

Man is a hidden treaſure, whoſe worth God only knows.

Man only is the ornament of the world.

and great correspondencies of the one to the other; for the *Earth* is found in the matter whereof he is formed, the *Water* in his tears, the *Air* in his sighs, the *Fire* in his Love, the *Sun* in his reason, and the *Heavens* in his Imaginations. But the *Earth* subsists and he vanisheth, O Sweet vanishment! since he is lost in himself, that he may be found in his Creator. But the *Earth* remains firm, and his dust flies away: O happy flight, since eternity is its aim! The *Water*, though it fleets away, yet returns the same way, and retorts upon it's own paces: But man contrarily being settled upon the declining steeple of his ruine, rouls insensibly without intervall to the grave, his prison. O dear ruine! O sweet captivity! since the soul recovers her freedom, and this Sepulture serves but as a Furnace to purifie his body. The *Air*, although it corrupt, is not for all that destroyed, the corruption of man destroys its materiall. O glorious destruction, since it steads him as a fresh disposition to render him immortall. The
Fire

*Man may
 be said to
 be happy
 in being
 subject to
 all mis-
 hap.*

*Death is
 a grace,
 rather
 than a
 pain.*

Fire, though it fairly devour all things, is yet preserved still it self, to reduce all the world into Ashes: But Man perceives himself to be devoured by Time, without ability ever to resist it. O beneficial Impotence, since he finds his Triumph in his Overthrow! The Sun causeth alwaies admiration in its ordinary lustre, but Mans reason is impaired in the course of Times. O welcome impairment, since Time ruines it but only in an Anger, knowing that it goes about to establish its Empire, beyond both Time and Ages. In fine, the Heavens may seem to wax old in their wandring course: they yet appear the same still every day, as they were a thousand years ago: man from moment to moment differs from himself, and every Instant disrobes him somewhat of his Being. O delightfull Inconstancy! since all his changes make but so many lines, which abut at the Center of his stability.

How mysterious is the Fable of *Narcissus*; the Poets would persuade us, that He became self-ena-

The felicity of man in this world consists in the necessity of death.

How happy is man in decaying evermore, since he thus at last renders himself exempt from all the miseries which pursue him.

*A long
life is a
heavy
burthen
to the
soul, since
it must
render
an ac-
count of
all its
moments.*

*If a man
could
contem-
plate the
beauties
of his
soul in in-
nocence,
he would
always be
surprized
with its
love.*

*If a man
would of-
ten view
himself in
the tears
of his re-
pentance,
he would
soon be-
come a
true self-
lover.*

moured, viewing Himself in a Fountain. But I am astonish'd, how one should become amorous of a dunghill, though covered with Snow or Flowers. A face cannot be formed without *Eyes, Nose, and Mouth*, and yet every of these parts make but a body of Misery, and Corruption as being all full of it.

This Fable intimates us the representation of a fairer truth, since it invites a man to gaze himself in the Fountain of his tears, thus to become amorous of himself, not for the lineaments of dust and ashes, whereof his countenance is shap'd; but rather of those beauties and graces, wherewith his soul is ornamented, and all these together make but a rivolet, which leads him to the admiration of that source from whence they took their originall.

Oh how *David* was a wise *Narcissus*! then when he made of his Tears a *Mirrour*, so to become enamour'd of himself, for he was so self-loving in his *repentance*, that in *this* he spent both dayes and nights,

nights, with unparalleld delights.

But if *Narcissus* ship-wrack't himself in the fountain of his self-fondness; *This great King* was upon point to Abyss himself in the Sea of his tears: for their liquid *CrySTALLINE* shew'd him to himself so beautifull, that he burned with desire thus to drown himself.

Ladies, view your selves in this *Mirroure*, since you are ordinarily slaves to your own self-love. You will be fair at what price soever; see here is the means. The *CrySTALL Mirroure* of your tears flatter not; contemplate therein the beauty of this grace, which God hath given you, to bewail your vanities. This is the only ornament which can render you admirable. All those deceitfull *CrySTALS*, which you wear hang'd at your Girdles, shew you but fained beauties; whereof Att is the work-mistris and cause, rather then your visages: Would ye be Idolaters of the Earth which you tread on? your bodies are but of Dirt; but if you will have them endeared, where shall I find tearms

All the
vain ob-
jects of
the world
are so
many
fountains
of Nar-
cissus,
wherein
prying
may ship-
wrack
them-
selves.

Tears are
the faith-
fullest
Mirrors
of peni-
tents.

If Ladies
would
take as
much
care of
their
souls as of
their
bodies,
they
would
not ha-
zard the
losse both
of one
and the
other.

The me-
ditation
of our no-
thingness
is a sove-
raign re-
medy a-
gainst
vanity.

Men are
so near
blood to
gether,
that all
bear the
same
name.

to expresse their Noyfomnesse? Leave to *Death* his Conquest, and to the *Worms* their heritage; and search your selves in that originall of Immortality, from whence your souls proceed, that your actions may correspond to the Noblenesse of that Cause. This is the most profitable counsell which I can give you: It is time to end this Chapter.

Great Kings, I serve you this Morning instead of a Page to awake You, and remembrance You that you are *Men*: I mean, Subjects to *Death*, and consequently destinated to serve as a Prey to the *Worms*, a Shittle-cock to the Winds, and matter for to form an object of horror and astonishment to you altogether. Muse a little, that your life passeth away as a *Dream*; think a little that your thoughts are vain; consider at the same time, that all that is yours passes and flies away, You are great, but this necessity of Dying, equals you to the least of your subjects. Your powers are dreadfull, but a very hand-worm mocks

mocks at them: your riches are without number, but the most wretched of men carry as much into the grave as you. In fine, may all the pleasures of Life make a party in Yours, yet they are but so many Roses, whose prickles onely remain to you at the instant of Death. The horror which environs You, chaseth away your greatness, the weakness which possesseth you, renders unprofitable your absolute powers; and onely then in that shirt, which rests upon your back, are comprised all the treasures of your Coffers. Are not these verities of importance enough to break your sleep.

I awake you then for to remembrance you this last time, *that you are Men*: but destined to possess the place of those evill Angels, whose pride concaved the Abysses of Hell: That you are Men, but much more considerable for the government of your Reason, then your Kingdom. *That you are Men*. but capable to acquire all the felicities of Heaven, if those of the Earth

Man hath nothing so proper to him, as the misery to which he is born,

If the earth be our mother, heaven, is our father.

Earth are by you disdained. *That you are Men*; but called to the inheritance of an eternall Glory, if you have no pretence to any of this world.

Though the body and soul together make up the man, there is yet as much difference between the one and the other, as between the scabberd and the sword.

Although the puissances of the soul, work not but by the senses, the effects in this point are more noble then the cause.

Lastly, *that you are Men*: but the living images of an infinite and omnipotent One. Clear streams of immortality remount then to your eternal source; Fair rayes of a Sun without Eclipse, rejoyne your selves then to the body of his celestially light. Perfect patterns of the divinity, unite your selves then to it, as to the independent cause of your Being. Well may the Earth quake under your feet, your wills are Keys to the gates of its abysses: should the Water or'e-whelm again all, your hopes cannot be shipwrack't. That the Air fills all things, may be; but your expectations admit of some *vacuum*. Though the Fire devour all things; the object of your hopes is above its flames. Let the heavens pour down in a throng, their malignant influences here below: your souls are under covert from their assaults. Let the *Sun*-ex-
haling

haling vapours make thereof thunders for your ruine: you are under the protection of him who ejaculates their flashes; insomuch that instead of hurting you, all things do you homage. The *Earth* supports you, the *Water* refresheth you; the *Air* imbreaths you; the *Fire* warms you; the *Sun* lights you, and Heaven attends you; the Angels honour you, the *Devils* fear you, *Nature* obeys you, and God himself gives himself to you to oblige you to the like reciprocation. Is not this to possess with advancement all the felicities which you can hope? I dare you to wish more.

Man needs fear nothing, being elevated above all.

Man could not be more happy then he is, since God is his last felicity.

To die is proper to man.

Awake thy self then *Reader*, and let thy conscience and thy misery, each in its turn serve thee, as a *Page* every morning, to put thee in mind, *That thou art a Man*, I mean a pourtraiſt animated with *Death*, rather then with *Life*, since thou canst do nothing but die. But in this continuall dying, amid the throng of *evils* and *pains* which are enjoyned to thy condition; Consider also that thou art created to pos-

How
happy is
man, that
is able
to be as
much as
he de-
sires.

possesse an Eternity both of life and happiness, and that all these infinite good things are exposed as an aim of honour and glory to the addressees of thy will; for if thou wilt, *Paradise* shall be thine, though *Hell* gape at thee; *Heaven* shall be thy share, it's delights thy Succession, and God alone thy Sovereign felicity.

A PRO-

which flatters not.



A
PROLUSIVE
Upon the EMBLEME
of the second Chapter.

Well on, unbouded Spirits, whose vast
hope

Scorns the streight limits of all moderate
Be crescent still, fix not i'th' *Positive*, (scope.
Grasp still at more, reach the *Superlative*;
And beyond *that* too, and beyond the Moon;
Yet all's but vain, and you shal find too soon
These great Acquisits are bubbles for a spurt,
And Death will leave you nothing bur your
Shirt.

Be *Richest*, *Greatest*. *Pow'r*fullest, and split
Fame's Trumpet with the blast on't, ther's it,
That's all, a *Coffin*, and a *Sheet*, and then,
You're dead, and buried like to Common
men,

This *Saladine* foresaw, and wisely stoops
Unto his *Fate*, 'midst his triumphant troops,
A world of wealth, and *Asiatick* spoyles,
Guerdon his glorious military toyles,
Ensigns, and Banners shade his armies Eyes
With flying Colours of fled enemies:
Yet humbly he doth his chief Standard rear,
Onely his *Shirt* display'd upon a *Spear*.
Mean while his valorous Colonels were clad

In

The Mirrour

In rich Coat-armours, which they forced had
From subdu'd foes, and't seem'd a glorious,
Each man to be appareld like a King. (thing,
The very common Souldiers out-side spoke
Commander now, and did respect provoke.
Their former ornaments were cast aside,
Which 'fore the victory were all their pride.
To check their Pomp, with clang'ing trumpet sound,
A Herald loud proclaim's in Tone profound:
See what the *Emperour* doth present your Eye,
'Tis all, that you must look for, when you dye.
This *Shirt* is all even *Saladine* shall have
Of all his *Trophies* with him to the grave.
Then be not over-heightned with the splendour
Of your rich brav'ries, which you so much
tender;
Nor let your honours puff you, lest you find
The breath of Fame jade ye with broken
wind.

This solemn passage of this *Monarch*-
story

With greatest lustre doth advance
his glory:

THE



Victorious SALADINE caus'd to be Proclaim'd to all his
Armie that he carried nothing with him to the
Graue but a SHIRT after all his Conquests.



M

FL

A

Herald
with ho
as wit
claimen
ven an
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Conque
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grave
a shirt
body, a
Fortun
Worms



THE
M I R R O U R
WHICH
FLATTERS NOT.

CHAP. II.

ARrogant spirits, ambitious
Hearts, be silent, and lend an
ear to the publick cry of this
Herald, who, with a voice animated
with horreur and affright, as well
as with compassion and truth, pro-
claimeth aloud, in the view of hea-
ven and earth, and in the presence
of a world of people: That, this
Great *SALADINE*, magnificent
Conquerour of *Asia*, and Monarch of
the whole East, carries away to the
grave for fruit of his victories, but only
a shirt, which covers the mould of his
body, and even this scarp of linnen too,
Fortune leaves him, but to give the
Worms.

Absolute

*The hor-
ror and
misery of
the grave,
makes
the hair
stand on
end to the
proudest
spirits.*

This ne-
cessary of
dying,
serves for
tempera-
ment to
the vani-
ty of the
greatest
Monarchs
of the
world.

Absolute Kings, puissant Sovereigns,
what will you reply to these dis-
courses, for to you they are addrest?
I doubt well, that shame, confusion
and astonishment, bar your speech,
and that this sensible object of your
proper miseries, affects you so with
truth, to force from your bosoms
a thousand sighs. The greatest Mo-
narch of the earth becomes at a
clap so little, as not to be found,
no, not in his miseries, for the
wind begins already to carry away
the dust whereof he was formed.
The powerfullest King of the world,
is reduc'd to such a point of weak-
ness, that he cannot resist the worms,
after vanquishment and subjugation
of entire Nations. The richest
Princee of the East, takes a glory
of all his treasures, to carry away
but only a shirt to his Sepulchre.
What can you answer to these ve-
rities?

This famous *Saladine*, the terrour
of men, the valour of the earth,
and the wonder of the world, e-
steems himself so happy, and so
advantaged by fortune, in respect
the

he leaves him this old ragge to cover his corruption, that he makes this favour, to be published with sound of trumpet in the midst of his Army, that none might be in doubt on't: What beyond this can be your pretentions? I grant, you may be seated like *Xerxes*, upou a Throne all of massie gold, canopied with a glistering firmament of precious stones; and that on what side soever you turn your menacing regards, you see nothing but objects humbled before your Royall Majesties. You never seat your selves upon these Thrones of magnificence, but as it were to take leave of the assembly, continuing still to give your last God-bwyes, like a man who is upon point to depart continually, since he dies every moment. Insomuch, that all this Pomp which accompanies you, and which gives shadow to the luster wherewith you are environed, vanishes away with you; and all those who are its admirers, and idolaters, run the same fortune, being of the same nature.

Man cannot complain of the world, since at his death he gives him a shirr, which at his birth, his mother-Nature refused him.

All the speeches of Men are but discourses of Adieu and leave taking, since every day he marches straight forward toward Death.

Be

To what
purpose
doth the
renown
of a Man
make a
noyse in
the world
the noyse
ceaseth,
the re-
nown pas-
seth.

The tran-
quillity of
the mind
and the
health of
body, are
the onely
riches of
the world.

Be it from me granted, that the report of your glory, admits no vacuity, no more than the air does, and that your name is as well known as the Sun, and more redoubted than the thunder: This voyce of renown, is but as the sound of a Bell, which redoubles a noyse to its own detriment, to advertise those that doubt on it; and this name so famous, and dreadfull, finding no memory here below to the proof of ages, buries it self at last, in the nothingnesse of its beginning.

Be it again, that all the Gold of the *Indies* can be valued but to a part of your Estate, and that all the world together; possess less treasure than you alone; what advantage think you to bear away, more than the most miserable of the world that in this you should be vain? Enjoyes not he the same Sun which lights you? hath not he the same usage of the Elements, whereof you make use? But if you have more than he, a gloriousness of apparell, and a thousand other superfluous things (which are altogether estranged

ged to vertue, as being imaginary Goods, whose appearance alone is the only foundation) he may answer you with *Seneca*, that with whatsoever coverture a man hides the shame of his nakednesse, he shall passe for well-clothed among wise men. And to come to the point; a man hath always enough wherewith to follow his way, and to finish his voyage. The surplus is but a burden of cares, which are metamorphosed into so many bryars, when Death would discharge us of them. Besides, Riches consist but in opinion, though their treasures be palpable and sensible. A man is Rich, equall to that which he believes himself to be. And though he hath nothing, this grace wherewith he is treasured to find rest in his miseries, is above all the Gold of the world.

He is the
most rich,
who is
most con-
tent.

What difference think you there is betwixt the Rich and the poor? Both the one and the other, are equally pilgrims and travellers, and go alike to the same place. Then, if the rich passe through the fairer way, they re-encounter when they
[dye,

All mortals together make a dance of blind men, who in dancing run to death without seeing the way they passe.

The treasure of good works only enriches us eternally.

dye, all the thorns of those roses which they have past upon. There is no arrival to the *Haven* of the grave, without being *tempested* sooner or later, in the storm of those miseries, which accompany us. And methinks it is a comfort, to suffer in good time those evils, which we cannot avoid.

Rich ones, how miserable do I hold you, if the goods of the earth be your only treasures! Rich ones how unhappy are you, if your felicities be but of Gold, and Silver! Rich ones, how you compell my pity of your greatnesse, if you have no other Titles than those of your Lordships! Rich ones, how frightfull only at the hour of Death are your names, since the misery, wherein you are born, accompanieth you in the sepulchre.

True it is, that the Ayr of the region where you dwell, may be very temperate, the seasons of it fair, and the lands fertile: but you consider not, that while you live, you often sigh back the air which you receive; that this sweet time, which smiles on you, entertains you in flying to the season

season of tears, and that very soon the dung-hill of your bodies shall perhaps render the lands yet more fertile.

The Rich Men of the world have done nought but pass away with the ages, that gave them birth: you are born in this, and this very same goes away, and leads you with it, and all the rest of Men, without skilling what you are, or in what fashion you are vested: well may you possess an infinite number of treasures; you must alwaies trot, and rise as soon in the morning as others: but if you play the slugs, and sleep too long, Death comes in the end to awake you, and interrupt your repose with an eternal disquiet. What will you say to this? The fable of *Midas* comprehends in it important verities; *Apollo* grants him all that he demands, he satiates the appetite of his unmeasurable ambition by the virtue which he gives to his touch, to be able to turn all things into gold. See him now rich for a day, his hands are as new Philosophers-stones, which make the grossest, and most

The content of riches is like an odoriferous jumez; but it passes, and so doth their enjoyment also, and there is all.

It is strange, whether we shift place and seat or no, we yet run incessantly to Death.

To what
purpose is
it to be
environed
with ri-
ches? they
are a
strange
kind of
good,
whereof
one can
enjoy the
usage but
for a mo-
ment on-
ly.

most impure metals, change both nature and price, he sees himself enrouned in a moment with so great a number of treasures, that he begins to apprehend the enjoyment of those goods, which he desired with so much passion; and from fear he comes to astonishment: then, when prest with hunger, all the Viands which he touches with his hands, lips, or tongue, are metamorphosed into Gold. O inseparable amazement, from a mortall grief, caused by a semblable regreer, that he could not limit his ambition, but to the desire of his own ruine!

Rich men, you are as so many *Midasses*, since with all your treasures, you never importune heaven for any other thing, but to increase their number; to which effect you destinate your cares, your watchings and your labours. But make no more imploring vows; behold your selves at last heard. The glistering of your riches dazles me: your greatneses, and magnificences give you cheerful tincture; yet let us see the reverse of the Medall.

After

After your so many strong wishes for Gold and Silver, their treasure remains to you for to satiate, at least in dying, the unrul'd appetite of the ambition of your life. Riches, I say, environ you on all sides, after your so passionate covetize of them. But in this last instant, their possession is the saddest object, which can be presented to your thoughts. And notwithstanding 'tis the onely nourishment which rests to you, amid the hunger which torments you incessantly; as if for punishment of part of your crimes, heaven did permit, that the instruments of your pleasure should also be the same of your punishments; considering the greatness of your miseries, by that of your unprofitable treasures: for after all you must die, and though you carry with you this desire, to bear away with you your riches into the tomb, they remain in your Coffers, for to serve as witnesses to your heirs of the vanity of their enjoyment.

The Silk-worms, which have so much trouble to spin out of their mouths their little golden threads,

E

think

The covetous grows poor in measure as he grows rich, since in increasing his treasure, he encreases the famine of his insatiable avarice, and thus of what he possesseth, he enjoys nothing.

A Man carries away nothing with him at his death, but either regret, or else a satisfaction, of an evill or a good life.

*To what
effect is
it to seek
repose in
this world
it is never
to be
found but
in God,*

** See the
ambiguity
of the
French
word
Sociés,
in the first
chapter.*

think to stablish to themselves a shelter of honour, to the proof of all sorts of atteints, and on the contrary, they warp the web of their own rain. Just so, is it with the Rich ones of the world, who by an ingenious industry, imploy all their assayes, to lay solid foundations here below of an immortall life, and yet all their actions cannot but terminate in an end contrary to their designes; since they search Eternity in the circles of Ages, alwayes in revolution, and repose in the perpetuall instability of all worldly things. Inso-much, that they trouble themselves to suffer much; and all their cares and pains, are but as fresh sowings of * *Marigolds*, which dying in their gardens, re-spring in their hearts, there to die never. Behold the end of their journey-work!

Treasures, to what effect serve you me, if I must enter all naked into the grave? *Pleasures*, what becomes of your sweets, if my last sighs are but bitterness? *Grandeurs* of this life, in what stead you me, if you cannot exempt me from the miseries of death?

L O R D

L O R D, I am rich enough in that I serve for an object of pity to thy adorable Providence, whose o're-liberall bounty furnishes me for all my dayes nourishment enough to passe them. What can I wish more? on what side somever, I take my way to go the course of Death, I can never lose from view the heavens, which are the *Gates of thy Palace*. Insomuch, as if any thing fail me, I have but to strike there with my regards. Thou art alwayes upon a ready watch, to succour the miserable. Supply me then, *O L O R D*, if it please thee, with thy ordinary charities, and since that hope dyes after me, I will rather cease to be, then to hope in thee. These are the strongest resolutions of my soul.

We read of the children of *Israel*, that having received of *God* an infinity of riches, at their coming out of the red Sea, by the wrack of their enemies, they made of their treasures, Idols, and joyning in this sort Idolatry to Ingratitude, they erected Altars to their brutality,

E 2

since

Heaven is an object of consolation to the most miserable.

We beg of God every day new favours, and every day we render our selves unthankfull for those we have received.

since under relief of a brute beast, they represented their God.

But leave we there the children of *Israel*,, and speak of the Fathers of *B A B Y L O N*, I mean those wicked rich ones of the world, to whom *God* hath done so great favours, in heaping them with so many goods. Are not they every day convicted of *Idolatry*, in their unacknowledgment, since the Coffers of their treasures are the *Idols* of their temples? More beasts then brutes, in their voluntary depravednesse; they offer incense to their brutish passions; and no otherwise able, but to erect them secret Altars in their souls, they there sacrifice every hour a thousand sighs to an unsatiable ambition. Insomuch, that the *God of Heaven* is the *God* of their dissimulation, and the *Calf of Gold*, the *God* of their belief, and opinion.

Say we then boldly, that the objects of our passions are *Golden Calves* to us, since our hearts become their *Idolaters*. One here will sigh for love of honours, as well as for

Are we
worthily
Christi-
ans, when
idolatry is
more fa-
miliar to
us then
to infi-
dels, since
we make
idols of
all the ob-
jects of
our pas-
sions,

for his Mistressse, with design to hazard a thousand lives, and as many souls, for the conquest of their vain felicities: and see here his idolatry; making his *God* of these *Chimera's* of honour, which vanish away like a *Dream*, at the rousing up of our reason.

Another there, will lose quite and clean, all the peace wherein he is, a quiet life, for to set up a rest purely imaginary in the amassement of treasures. And if heaven hearing his votes, with design to punish him, gives some favourable successe to his cares, and watchings, he becomes an Idolater now indeed, an Idolater of those goods, which as yet he adored but in hope, and renders himself miserable, for having desired too ardently felicities, which onely bear the voyce to be so, but their usage and possession may prove as dangerous upon the earth, as Rocks within the Sea.

One will have his heart wounded, and his Soul attainted with a new trick of ambition, and as all his desires and thoughts are terminated

What folly is it to seek repose in the world, which subsists onely in revolution?

The goods of the earth are right evils, and at Death each one shall so experiment them.

to the objects of his designs, he is never in health, while the fever of his passion is continuall. I leave you to consider of what ratiocination he can be capable, during the malady of his spirit. All sorts of ways seem equally fair unto him, for to guide him unto the port whither he aspires; having no other aim but this to acquire, at what rate some-ever, that *good* whereof he is in Quest; and of this *Good*, it is whereof he makes his *Idol*, after a shamefull immolation of the best days of his Life, to the anxieties of his possession.

Another, will establish his repose in the turmoyle of the *world*, turning his spirit to all winds, to be under covert from the tempests of fortune. Blind as he is, he follows this *Goddesse* with the hoodwinked eyes. Wavering as he is, he aspires but after the favours of this inconstant Deity, of which he is secretly an idolater: but if perchance she elevate him very high, there is then more hazard of his fall; the laws of this necessity are inviolable, and one

one cannot avoid the rigour of them, if not avoiding their servitude. Insomuch, that after he hath sneak't himself a long time amongst the *grandeurs* of the earth, he finds himself enlabyrinthed in the miseries, wherein he is born, without possessing any thing in propriety, but the usance of a puffe of wind, which enters once again at last into his entrals, to force thence the last sigh. And thus he becomes the *Victim* of the Idoll of his passions, without purifying nevertheless from the sacrifice of his life the soyl of those offerings, which he hath made upon the altars of *Vanity*. Behold the sad issue of this Dedalean labyrinth, wherein so many of the world take pleasure to intricate themselves in.

O how *Rich* is he, *L O R D*, who hath thy love and fear for his treasure? O how *happy* is he, who hath for object of felicity the contempt of these things of the world! O how *Contented* is he, who thinks always of eternall delights! To have many riches for a hundred years, is

E 4.

not

If the
fruition
of all the
world to
gether
were to
be sold,
it were
not worth
so much
trouble as
to open
the mouth
only to
say, I will
not buy
it.

A wicked rich Man is much astonished at his Death, to have his conscience void of good works, and his Coffers full of money, since with all the gold of the world, he cannot purchase the grace of the least repentance.

not this to possesse at the end of that term a *Good*, which is as good, as never to have been. Taste greedily the sweets of every sort of prosperity, during the raigⁿ of a *long life*; is it not ready to *die* by little and little for grief to abandon them since in flying away, they intrain us into the grave. To pant continually for joy in the presence of a thousand *pleasures*, is it not to prepare in one's breast, the matter of as many *griefs*? since every contentment is a disposition to a kind of martyrdom, by the necessary and infallible *privation* of its sweets, whereof while we taste on't, it menaceth us. In fine, to have all things at wish, is it not to possesse vain busines^s, since the world has nothing else to offer us? The riches which Fortune gives and takes away again when she will, can never enrich a Man; it behooves him to seek his *treasure* in the mines of his *conscience*, so to be under covert from sinne; for otherwise he runs the same hazard, as of the goods which he possesses, I mean
in

in their decay, to lose himself with them. The prosperities of the earth, are once more fresh flowers of the garden, fair to the eye, and of good sent; but 'tis to much purpose to gather them, and make nose-gayes; in holding them one holds nothing, because their fragility renders them so slippery, that they 'scape both from our eyes and hands, and though their flight be slow, one day onely is all their duration. The pleasures of the world are of the same nature: I grant they may have some agreeablenesse to charm our senses, yet 'twere too vain to vaunt of their possession, though one enjoys them, for so much as they slip away, and vanish without cease from our eyes, like the always flitting water-trills. Their sway hath so short limits, that each moment may be the term on't. Solid contentments are onely found in Heaven, and the onely means to relish them beyond all sweets, is continually to Muse on them, for having always our spirit arrested upon meditation of an object so delicious, our thoughts

*The gr-
rival of
pleasures
annu-
ates us
a waves
their
speedy de-
parture.*

The good
or ill
which
we do,
accompa-
nies us to
the grave.

The mis-
prizall of
riches, is
the onely
treasure
of life.

If we
would
acquire
Heaven,
we ought
to have
no pre-
terence to
Earth.

draw thence by their vertue this efficacy, to ravish us with joy. *I return to my first proposition;*

That the greatest Monarch of the world, after possession of all things to his wish, and having led a thousand times Fortune her self in triumph, upon the territories of his Empire, should in conclusion be exposed all naked in his Shirt, at the end of his carrear, to serve for a prey to the worm, and a shittlecock to the winds. Certes, a man must needs be very insensible, not to be toucht with affright at these truths.

Great Kings, if you have not other Mines of Gold more precious than those of the *India's*; you shall die as poor as you were born: and as tears were the first witnessses of your misery, sighs shall be the last of your poverty, carrying with you this regret into the grave, to have possessed all things, and now to find your selves in estate of enjoying nothing.

Great Kings, if you have no other marks of soveraignty, but this of the large extent of your territories, the tribute which your subjects shal render

der you at the end of the *journal*, shall be very little, since the long spaces of your *Empire* shall be bounded with *seven foot*.

Great Kings, if you have no other treasures than those of the rent of your *Demeans*, all those goods are false, and the regret of their privation too true. But if you doubt of this yet, consult the dumb oracle of the *Asbes* of your *Ancestours*, and the Truth wil answer for them, that they never have had any thing more proper to them than *miser*y, nothing more sensible than disasters, and that with all the riches which they have enjoyed during life, they have not been able to procure at the hour of *Death*, more than that *piece* of linnen, wherein they are *inveloped*.

Great Kings, if you have no other *Philosopher-stone* but this, The conquest which your valour may make; all your greatnesse, and all your riches, shall be inclosed in the *Coffins*, wherein you shall be *buried*. For, all that *Fortune* shall give you *to day*, *death* shall take from you *to morrow*; and the day after, one may count you

The rents
of vertues
Demeans
are not
subject to
fortune,

True val-
our hath
no other
object, but
the con-
quest of
eternall
things.

you in the rank of the most miserable. I will again change tone.

What a contagious *malady*, in this age wherein we are, is this *passion* of *amassing* treasures! All the world would be rich, as if *Paradise* were bought with *ready money*, and that the commerce of our safety were a publick *Bank*!, where the most covetous render themselves the most happy. Every one makes bravado of his acquisitions, and poyzeth his felicities to the ballance of his riches, being never able to be otherwise content, but in reference to the measure of what he is estated in.

There one will assume a pride to have ten thousand Acres of *wood*, whose revenue nourisheth his *passions*, and entertaines his *pleasures*. Insomuch, that he considers not that these trees are laden but with the fruit of these world-miseries; and of all together he shall bear away, but the branch of one onely, which shall serve very soon for a *Bier* to his *carkasse*. See in what consists the profit of his rents, after their account made!

Another

If one
knew the
perill of
being
rich, he
would
openly be
in love
with po-
verty.

We may
call man
a Tree,
whose
root is the
immortal
soul, and
the fruits
which it
bears are
of the
same na-
ture, ei-
ther for
glory or
punish-
ment.

Another will be rich onely in Meadows, and changing his hay into Gold which is but *Earth*, he fills therewith his Coffers. But, *Fool* that he is, he thinks not that his life is a Medow, his body the hay thereof and time the Mower, who by his example makes publick traffick of the same merchandize, changing by little and little the hay of his *body* into *Earth*. And is not this to be very ingenious to cheat a mans self?

The world is a Meadow, and all the objects therein we admire, are flowers, which fade every hour.

Anothers aim is onely to be rich in *Buildings*, some in the countrey, some the city; and assuming vanity from the number, as well as the magnificence of his Palaces, he believes that they are so many *Sanctuaries* of proof, against the strokes of fortune, or the thunders of *heaven*. What a folly is this; to esteem ones self happy, for having divers cabins upon earth, to put himself under covert from the rain, and wind; during the short journey of life? The rain ceases, the wind is past, and life dies; and then the tempest of a thousand *eternall* anguishes comes to entertain him, without possibility

possibility of discovery, even from hope, one onely port of safety. To be onely rich then, in edifices, is to be rich in castles of paper and cards, such as little children lodge their petty cares in.

*We must build up-
on the un-
shakeable
founda-
tions of
eternity,
if a man
would be
sheltered
from all
sorts of
storms.*

*Though
we say,
the Sun
sets every
night, yet
it rests
not: and
so Man,
though he
lay him-
self to
sleep, rests
not from
his voyage
to Earth.*

To what purpose steads it us to be richly lodged, if *every hour* of the day may be that of our *departure*? Men trouble themselves to build houses of pleasure, but the pleasures fade away, and we also, and these houses remain for witnesses of our folly, and for sensible objects of sorrow, and grief, in that cruel necessity to which we are reduced to abandon them. It is to be considered that we are born to be *travellers* and *Pilgrims*; & as such, are we constrained to march always straight to the *gate of Death*, without ever resting, or being able to find repose, even in repose it self. To what then are all these magnificent Palaces, when our onely retreat beats on to the grave? To what end are all this great number of structures, when we are all in the way, and point to end of our voyage? O how well is he *housed*, that lodg-
eth

eth his hope in *God*, and layes the foundations of his habitation upon *Eternity*! A good conscience is the richest house that one can have.

Another, designs his treasures in numerous *Shippings*, trafficking with all winds, in spite of storms and tempests: but be it granted a perpetuall calm as heart could wish, and imagine we, (as himself does) that he shall fish with *Fortune's nets*, all the Pearls of the *Ocean*; what can he do at the end with all his ventures? if he truck them away, he can gain but stuffe of the same price; if he sell them, he does but change white purified earth for yellow, which the Sun purifies as wel within the mines? What will he do now with this new merchandize, or this his gold? behold him always in trouble to discharge himself of so many burdens. If gold were potable, he might perhaps nourish himself therewith for awhile; but as *Midax* could not do it in the fable, he will never bring it to passe in the verity; he must needs keep watch then day and night to the guard of his riches; and well
may

The treasure of good works, is eternall riches.

Our life is a Ship which loosing from the Haven, the cradle, at the moment of our birth, never comes ashore again, till it run aground upon the grave.

may he keep sentinell, *Death* comes to rob him of them, since at his going out of the world she takes them away from him. What appearance is there, that the treasures of the Sea should be able to make a man rich, since the possession of all the world together cannot do it. A hundred thousand ships are but a hundred thousand shuttle-cocks for the wind and a hundred thousand objects of shipwrack. Suppose they arrive to the Port, the life of their Master is alwayes among rocks, for 'tis a kind of ship, which cannot arrive at other shore, but at the bank of the grave. And I leave you to consider what danger he may run, if there the storm of his avaricious passion cast him. The sand-blind-sighted may foresee his ruine, and the most judicious will believe it infallible. Behold, in fine, a man rich to much purpose, that would have drain'd by his ambition, the bottomlesse depths of the *Ocean*, and now to find himself in the end of his carriere, in the *abysses* of hell, having an *Eternity* of evils for recompence of an age of anxieties

anxieties, which he hath suffered during his life.

O Lord, if I would be rich in wood, let it be in that of thy *Cross*, and from henceforth let its fruits be my revenues, and my rents. If I would traffick in meads; Let the meditation of the hay of my life, be my onely profit. If I set my self to build houses, let it be rather for my soul than for my body; and in such sort, that my good works may be the stones, and the purity of my conscience the foundation. And lastly, if I would travell the seas to go to the conquest of their treasures: let my tears be the waves thereof, and my sighs the winds, and thy grace alone, the onely object of my riches.

Make me then rich, *O LORD*, if it please thee, by the onely misprize of all the treasures of the Earth, and teach this secret language to my heart, never to speak but of thee in its desires, nor of other then thy Self in its hopes; since of thee alone, and in thee only, lies the fullness of its perfect felicity and sovereign repose. Let us not rest our selves

He which puts his trust in God, is the richest of the world, how poor soever he be.

It is already sufficient enjoyment of rest and quiet, to set up ones rest in God onely.

selves in so fair a way.

I cannot comprehend the design of these curious Spirits, who go seeking the Philosophers-stone in that Spittle, where an infinite number of their companions are dead of regret, to have so ill employed their time. They put all they have to the quest of that which never was; and burning with desire to acquire wealth, they reduce all their own into cinders, and their lungs also with vehement puffing, without gaining other recompence at the end of their labours, but this, Now to know their folly: but the Sun sets, the candle goes out, the bed of burial is prepared; there must be their *Enter* at the *Exit* of so many unprofitable pains. To what purpose serves it now, to know they are fools, having no more time to be wise.

What cruell *malady* of spirit is it to sacrifice both ones body and soul in an unlucky *Alembick*? for to nourish a vain *ambition*, whose irregular appetite can never be satisfied? Is not this to take pleasure in kindling

*The love
of God is
the onely
Philoso-
pher-
stone,
since by
it a man
may ac-
quire e-
ternall
treasures.*

kindling the fire which consumes us? to burn perpetually with desire of being rich in this world, and yet get nothing by it: And then to burn again eternally in hell, without possibility to quench the ardour of those revanging flames: is not this to warp ones self the web of a fate, the most miserable that ever was?

An inclination toward the misprize of Earth, is a presage of the getting of Heaven.

Produce we then of nothing the creation of this Philosopher-stone, and grant we it made at present to the hearts of the most ambitious, I am content that from the miracles of this *Metamorphosis*, they make us see the marvels of a new Gallery of silver, like to that which bare *NERO* to the Capitol. I am content that they make pendant at the point of a needle, as *SEMIRAMIS*, the price of twenty millions of gold. I am content that after the example of * *Atabalipas*, they pave their *Halls* with *Saphirs*. I am pleas'd, that imitating *Cyrus*, they enround their gardens with perches of gold. I am content, that the *Dryades* of their fountains be composed of the same materiall, following

* *Atabalipas*, King of Peru. The World is aptly compared to the Sea, since as the storms of this, so are the miseries of that, and like sitting billows ever rolling, so are the objects which we here admire.

following the magnificences of *Cæsar*. I am content that they erect with *Pompey* an *Amphitheatre* all covered with plates of *Gold*. I am content they build a Palace of *Ivory*, there to lodge another *Menelaus*, or a *Louvre* of *Crystall* to receive therein another *Drusus*, and let (I am content still) this *Louvre* be ornamented with Court-cupboards of pearls, equall to those of *Scaurus*; and with Coffers of the same price as that of *Darius*. To what will all this come to in the end? What may be the reverse of all these medals? The scorching heat of *Time*, and the Sun's beams have melted this gallery of silver; its admirers are vanisht, and its propriety. Even *Rome* it self hath run the like fate, and though it subsist yet, 'tis but onely in name, its ruines mourn at this day the death of its glory. That so Precious Pendant of *Semiramis* could not be exempt from a kind of Death, though it were *inanimate*. I mean that in its insensibility, it hath received the attaints of this *Vicissitude*, which alters and destroys

'Tis a Rule without exception, that all that is included in the revolution of Time, is subject to change.

stroyes all things, since it now appears no more to our eys. All those *Saphir-paved* Halls are passed away, though Art had enchained them in beautifull Workmanships. They have had otherwise a glittering lustre, like the *Sun*; but this *Planet* jealous of them, hath refused in the end its clearnesse, so much as to their ruine; insomuch that they are *vanished in obscurity*. These gardens environed with rails of gold, have (like others) divers *Spring-times*, to renew their growth, but one *Winter* alone was enough to make them die. Those *Dryades* which enrich these fountains are fled upon their own water-trils, and scarce remains us their remembrance. That proud *Amphitheater of Pompey* could not eternize it self, but in the memory of men, and yet we scarce know what they say, when they speak on't. That *Ivory Palace of Menelaus* goes for a fable in Histories, being buried in the *Abysses* of non-entity. That famous *Louvre* of *CrySTALL* having been buffled against *By Time*, is broken, and shivered

Meditate here a little, how oft the face of the Earth hath been varied since its first creation.

There is
nothing so
certain
in the
world, as
its un-
certainty.

vered into so many pieces, that not so much as the very dust on't subsist, but in the confus'd *Idea* of things, which have been other-while. All those high cup-boards of Pearl, and all those Coffers of great price, have indeed had an appearance like lightning; but the thunder-bolt of *inconstancy* hath reduc't them into ashes, and the memory of them is preserv'd in ours, but as a *Dream*, since in effect it is no more at all.

But if the precious wonders of passages, have done nothing but passe away together with their admirers and owners, is it not credible, that those covetous rich ones, did run the same fortune with all the treasures of their Philosopher-stone; and at the end of their career, what device could they take but this very same of *SALADINE*, since of all their riches, there remains them at their *Death*, but onely a poor *Shirt*, **I have been*, says this great Monarch and behold, *here's all*.

Why, *Rich ones* of the World, do you trouble your selves so much, to establish

* *Fui, &
nihil am-
plius.*

establiſh your glory here below, for to perſwade us at the end of the journall onely this, *That you have been?* An Atome has the ſame advantage for this creating power, which we adore, after he had taken it out of the *Abyſſe* of nothing, wherein you alſo were buried, made it to ſubſiſt in nature. Be it that you have been the *greateſt* on *Earth*, yet now the fair light of your fair days, is extinguiſh't for ever. The Sun of your glory is eclips't, and in an eternall *West*. And that your fate which interloomed the web of your greatneſſes, together with your lives, lies entomb'd with your *Aſhes*, to ſhew us that theſe are the only *unhallow-ed reliques* which your Ambition could leave us.

You have been then otherwhile the onely *Minions* of *Fortune*, like *Demetrius*; but he and you are now no more any thing, not ſo much as a handfull of *Aſhes*: for leſſe than with an infinite power, 'twere impoſſible to any, to reunite into a body, the parcels of the *Duſt*, whereof your Carcaſſes were formed, behold

*Yet thus
is it a
blessed-
neſſe of
our con-
dition,
thus to
eſcape by
little and
little the
miſeries
which are
incident
unto me.*

hold in what consists at this day, the foundation of your past glory.

If vertue
eternize
not our
memory,
our life
passeth
away like
the wind
without
leaving
any trace.

You have bin then otherwhile the same as *SALADINE* the onely *Monarch* of the *East*, and have posselt (as *He*) treasures without number, and honours without parallell: But (as *He* also) you have done nothing else but passe away and like him again you have not been able to hide your wretchednesse, but under a Scarp of *Linnen*, whereof the *Worms* have repasted, to manifest you to all the World.

In fine, you have been otherwhile the wonders of our dayes, but now you are the horreur of this present, for the onely thought of of the dung-heap of your *Ashes* poysons my spirit, so delicate is't; and I leave farther provocation to the incredulous, if they be willing to be stronger witnesses of it: but let us now leave personal reflections, & trouble we not the repose of *Church-yards*.

I grant, that you may be at this instant that I speak unto you, so rich and happy, that you cannot wish more of *Fortune*, nor *Sbe* able to offer

offer you more: Yet thus ought you to consider where you are, who you are, and what are the goods which you possesse. You are in the World, where all things flit away, and 'tis in this way of flying away, that you read these verities: my meaning is, you dwell upon the same earth, whereof you are formed, and consequently you lodge upon your *Buriall-places*, whose entrances will be open at all moments. To say who you are, I am ashamed, in calling you by your proper names, for to remembrance you your miseries: *Corruption* conceives you, *Horror* infants you, *Blood* nourishes you, *infection* accompanies you in the Coffin. The treasures which you enjoy are but *Chimera's* of greatness, and apparitions of glory, whereof living you make experiment, and dying you perfectly know the truth on't.

To what end then can stead you your present felicities, since at present you scarce enjoy them

F

at

He which esteems himself rich and happy in this world, knows not the nature of worldly happiness and riches.

There is nothing so constantly present with us, as our miseries, since always we are miserable enough at first.

at all? for even at *this very instant* another, which is but newly upon *passé*, robs you of part of them; and even thus giving you hint of the *cofenage* of his companions, *cheats* you too, as well as they; and thus they do altogether to your *lives*, as well as your contentments; in ravishing these, they *intrain* the others: then what remonstrance can you exhibit of esteeming your selves happy for *past felicities*, and which you have *not enjoyed* but in way of *depart*? And if this condition be agreeable unto you, still there is a necessity of setting up your rest at the end of the *carreere*: and there it is, where I attend to contribute to your vain waylings, as many *resentments of Pity*. Take we another track, without losing our selves.

How
much bet-
ter it is to
be so hap-
py in
fishing,
as to an-
gle for
grace, in
the tears
of peni-
tence?

How ingenious was that famous Queen of Egypt, to deceive with good grace her *Lover*. She caused under-hand dead fishes to be ensnared to the hook of *Antony*, as often as the toy took him

to

to go a fishing, to the end to make him some sport by those pleasant deceits. May we not say that *Ambition* doth the same? for when we cast our hooks into this vast *Ocean* of the *vanities* of the *world*, we fish but *Dead* things without soul, whose acquirement countervails not a moment of the *Time*, which we employ to attain it.

Had I all the goods in fardles of the world laded on my back; I mean, had I acquir'd all the honours, wherewith fortune can tickle an *ambitious* soul, should I thence become greater of body? My growing time is past, would my *Spirit* thence become more excellent? these objects are too weak to ennoble her *Powers*. Should I thence become more virtuous? *Virtue* looks for no satisfaction out of it self. Should I thence be more esteemed of the world? This is but the glory of a *Wind*, which doth but passe away. What happiness what contentment, or what utility, would remain me then, that I

'Tis to no purpose to be passionate for such goods as a man may lose, and the world can give no better.

might be at rest? A *Man* must not suffer himself thus to be fool'd. All honours can be but a burden to an *innocent* soul, for so much as they are continuall objects of vanity, which stir up the passions and only serve but for nourishment to them in their violences, to hurry them into all sorts of extremities. And after the necessity of dying, which makes an inseparable accident in our condition, gloomes the glittering of all this *vain* glory, which environs us. In the anguishes of *Death*, a man dreads not of the *grandeurs* of his life, and being ever and anon upon point to depart, findes himself often afflicted most with those good things which he *possesseth*, measuring already the depth of the *fall* by the height of the place whither he is exalted.

'Tis an
irksome
remem-
brance of
past hap-
pinesse.

* Galba.

* He which found *Fortune* at his gate, found no naile to stay her wheel: But if *Shee* on the *one* side takes a pleasure to ruine *Empires*, to destroy *Realms*, and to precipitate her favourites: *Death* on the
other

other side pardons no body, alters the temperament of all sorts of humours, perverts the order of every kind of habitude; and not content yet to beat down all these great *Colosses of Vanity*, which would be taken for the worlds wonders, calls to the sharing of their ruine the elements, thus to bury their materials in their first abysses, where she hath designed the place of their entombment.

What can a *Man* then finde constant in the world, where constancy doth no where reside? *Time*, *Fortune*, *Death*, our *passions*, and a thousand other stumbling-blocks shall never speak other language to us but of our *miseries*, and yet we will suffer our selves like *ALEXANDER* to be voyc'd *Immortall*. Our prosperities, our grandeurs, our very delights themselves, shall tell us, as they passe, a word in our ear, that we ought not to *trust* them, and yet for all this, we will never but sigh after them. Be it then at last for very regret, to have vented to the wind

*All things
passe a-
way, and
by their
way tell
us that
we must
do so too.*

so many vain sighs, for *Chimeras* of sweets, whereof the remembrance cannot be but full of bitterness.

No security of pleasure, to enjoy such things as may every moment be lost.

Vain honours of the world, tempt me no more: your allurements are powerful, but too weak to vanquish me. I deride your wreaths of *Laurell*, there growes more on't in my garden then you can give me. If you offer me esteem, and reputation among men, what should I do with your presents? *Time* devoures every day the like of them, and yet more precious: I undervalue all such *Good-things*, as it can take away again from me.

Worldly Greatnesses are but like Masking-cloathes, which serve him and the other but for that time.

Deceitfull greatneses of the Earth, cease to pursue me, you shall never catch me, your charms have given some hits to my heart, but not to my soul, your sweets have toucht my senses, but not my spirit; what have you to offer me, which can satisfy me? *Time* and *Fortune* lend you all the Scepters and Crowns which you borrow, and as you are not the owners, they take them away

away again when they will, and not when it *pleaseth* you. So then, I will have no Scepters for an *hour*, nor no Crowns for a *day*. If I have desire to raigⁿ, 'tis *beyond* Time; that I may thus be under shelter from the inconstancy of *Ages*: Trouble not your selves to follow me. This world is a masse of mire, upon which a man may make impresse of all sorts of Characters, but not hinder Time to deface the draught at any time. Ambitious Spirits, fair leave have you to draw the Stell of your designs upon this ready prim'd cloth: Some few years wipe out all. Some ages carry away all, and the remembrance of your follies is onely immortal in your souls, by the eternal regret which remains you of them.

SCIPIO made design to conquer *Carthage*, and after he had cast the project thereof upon mould, he afterwards took the body of this shadow, and saw the effect of his desires: But may not one say, that the Trophies of his

valour have been cast in rubbidge within that masse of dirt, whereof the world is composed, since all the marks thereof are effaced? *Carthage* it self though it never had life, could not avoid its death. Time hath buried it so deep under its own ruines, that we seek in vain the place of its Tomb. I leave you to ruminate, if its subduer were himself able to resist the assaults of this Tyranny.

If *ALEXANDER* had sent his thoughts into Heaven, there to seek a new world, as well as his desires on earth there to find one, he had not lost his time; but as he did amuze himself to engrave the History of his ambition and triumphs upon the same masse of clay, which he had conquered; he writ upon water, and all the characters on't are defaced. The Realms which he subdued, have lost some of them their names, and of this Triumpher there remains us but the *Idea* as of a dream, since men are ready to require *Security* even of his *Memory*, for the won
ders

There is
more glo-
ry to de-
spise the
world,
than to
conquer
it: for
after its
conquest,
a man
knows not
what to
do with
it.

ders which it preacheth to us of him.

May we not then again justly avow, that of all the conditions, to which a man may be advanced without the aid of virtue, either by Nature or Fortune, there is none more infortunate, then to be to these a favorite, nor any more miserable than to a *Great-one*? This inconstant goddess hath a thousand favours to lend; but to give, none but haltars, poysons, poniards and precipices. 'Tis a fine thing to see *Hannibal* begging his bread even in view of *Scipio*, after he had called in question the price of the worlds Empire-dome. Is it not an object worthy of compassion, to consider *Nicias* upon his knees before *Gilippus*, to beg his own and the *Athenians* lives, after he had in a manner commanded the winds at Sea, and Fortune at shore, in a government sovereignly absolute. Who will not have the same resentments of pity, reading the history of *Crassus*, then when by excess of disaster he surviv'd both his glory and reputation, constrained

All those who engage themselves to the service of Fortune, are ill paid; and of this, every day gives us experience.

All those
who
hunt af-
ter For-
tune, are
well plea-
sed to be
deceived,
since her
deceits
are so well
known.

to assist at the funerals of his own renown, and undergo the hard conditions of his enemies, attending death to free him from servitude? Will you have no regret, to see enslaved, under the tyranny of the King of Egypt, the great *Agésilas*, whose valour was the only wonder of his *Time*? What will you say to the deplorable *Fate* of *Cumenes*; to whom Fortune having offered so often Empires, gives him nothing in the end, but Chains, so to die in captivity?

You see at what price *Men* have brought the favours of this Goddess, when many times the serenity of a happy life produceth the storm of an unfortunate *Death*. You may judge also at the same time, of what Nature are these heights of *Honour*, when often the *Greatest* at Sun-rise, find themselves at the end of the Day, the most miserable. And suppose Fortune meddle not with them, to what extremity of misery think you is a man reduc'd at the hour

hour of his departure? All his *Grandeurs*, though yet present, are but as past Felicities. He enjoys no more the goods which he possesses, grieves onely appertain to him in proper; and with what magnificence so 'ere he is environed, this object shows him but the image of a funerall pomp: his bed already Emblemes the Sepulcher, the Sheets his winding linen, wherein he must be enveloped. So that, if he yet conceit himself *Great*, 'tis onely in Misery. Since all things that he sees, hears, touches, smells, and tastes, sensibly perswade him nothing else.

Give Resurrection in your thoughts, to great *Alexander*, and then again conceive him at last gasp; and now consider in this deplorable estate, wherein he finds himself involv'd upon his funerall couch, to what can stead him all the *grandeurs* of his life-past, they being also past with it? I grant that all the *Earth* be his: yet you see how the little load of that of his body weighs so heavy

I wonder
not if rich
men be
afraid of
death,
since to
them it is
more
dreadfull
then to
any.

Fortune
sells eve-
ry day the
glory of
the world
to any
that will;
but none
but fools
are her
Chap-
men.

heavy on his soul, that it is upon point to fall, grovelling under the burden. I grant that all the glory of the world belongs to him in proper : yet he enjoys nothing but his miseries. I yield moreover, that all *Mankind* may be his subjects : yet this absolute sovereignty is not exempt from the servitude of pain. Be it, that with the onely thunder of his voyce, he makes the earth to tremble : yet he himself cannot hold from shaking at the noyse of his own sighs. I grant in fine, that all the Kings of the world render him homage : yet he is still the tributary of *Death*.

Omnis
motus
tendit ad
quietem.

O Grandeurs ! since you flie away without cease, what are you but a little wind ? and should I be an Idolater of a little tossed *Air*, and which onely moves but to vanish to its repose ?

O Greatnesses ! since you do but passe away, what name should I give you but that of a *Dream* ? Alas, why should I passe my life in your pursuit, still dreaming after you ?

O worldly

O worldly Greatnesses, since you bid *Adieu* to all the world, without being able to stay your selves one onely moment; *Adieu* then, your allurements have none for me, your sweets are bitter to my taste, and your pleasures afford me none. I cannot run after that which flies: I can have no love for things which passe away; and since the world hath nothing else, 'tis a long while that I have bidden *adieu* to it. It had promised me much, and though it had given me nothing, yet cannot I reproach it, finding my self yet too rich by reason of its hardnesse. But I return to the point.

Worldly Greatnesses are but childrens trifles, every wise man despises them.

Men of the World would persuade us, that it is impossible to find any quiet in it, that is to say, a firm settling of Spirit, wherein a man may be content in his condition, without ever wishing any other thing. And for my part, I judge nothing to be more easie, if we leave to Reason its absolute power. What impossibility can there be, to regulate a mans will to Gods? And

The only means to be content is to settle the conscience in peace.

And what contradiction is't, to live upon earth of the pure benedictions of heaven? What greater riches can a man wish then this, to bee able to undergoe the Decrees of his Fate, without murmuring and complaint? If *Riches* consisted onely in Gold, Diamonds, Pearles, or such like things of like rarity; those which have not of them, might count themselves miserable: But every man carries his treasure in his conscience. He which lives without just scandall, lives happily; and who can complain of a happy life?

Riches
are of use
to hu-
mane
life, but
not of ne-
cessity;
for with-
out them
a man
may live
content.

But if to have the hap of these felicities of this life, a man judge presently, that he ought of necessity to have a great number of riches: This is to enslave himself to his own opinion, abounding in his proper Sense, and condemning Reason for being of the contrary part. I know well, that a man is naturally swayed to love Himself more then all things of the world, and that this love

love proceeds from the passion of our interest, seeking with much care and pain, all that may contribute to our contentments; and whereas Riches seem to be Nurses of them, this consequence is incident to be drawn, that without them is no contented living. But at first dash, it is necessary to distinguish this love into Natural and Brutall; and believe, that with the illumination of Reason, we may purify the relishes of the first, even to the point of rendring them innocent, without departing from our interests, and consequently the enjoyment of our pleasures, giving them for object, the establishment of our settled content, in misprision of all those things of the world, which may destroy it.

When Reason reigns, the passions obey.

As for this brutish Love, which estranging us from God, separates us also from our selves; the passion of it becomes so strong by our weaknesse, that without a speciall grace we grow old in this malady of Spirit, of contenting
ou

our Senses, rather then obeyin g our Reason , making a new god of the Treasures of the Earth. But in conclusion , these gods abandon our bodies to the Worms, and our souls to the Devils. And for all their *Riches*, the greatest *Great-ones* can only purchase a glorious Sepulture. Is not this a great advantage, and a goodly consolation?

*He whose
will sub-
mits to
Gods
will, lives
ever con-
tent.*

*The Spi-
rit of a
Man will
bear his
infirmity.*

Maintain we boldly, that a man may finde quietness of life in all sorts of conditions, with the only *richness* of a tractable Soul, resign'd to take the time as it comes, and as God sends it, without ever arguing with his providence. There is no affliction, whereto our Soul cannot give us asswage. There is no ill whereto it self is not capable to furnish us a remedy. A man, how miserable soever , may finde his contentment amidst his miseries, if he lives for his soul's more then for his bodie's behalf. God makes us to be born where he will, and of what Parents he pleases: if the poorness of our birth accom-

accompany us even to death, he hath so ordained it: what can else do, but let him so do? Can he be accounted miserable; that obey's with good grace his Sovereigns decrees?

O, how is it farre more easie to undergoe the burthen of much poverty, then of great riches! For a man extreamly poor, is troubled with no thoughts more important, then onely how to finde means to passe his life in the austerities whereto he is already habituated, without repining after other fortune, as being estranged equally both from his knowledge and reach; in which respects, he may well be stil'd happy. But a man very rich, dreams of nothing but to eternize the continuance of his dayes (although his fancy be in vain) instead of letting them quietly slide away; insomuch, that being possesst with no passion more then love of life, he thinks always to live, and never to die. But Death comes ere he thinks on't, and taking

'Tis a greater danger to be very rich, then: very poor: for riches often makes men lose their way, but poverty keeps them in the str aight path.

Death
cannot be
said to
deceive
any body,
for it is
infallible,
and yet
the world
complains
of it.

taking from him all to his very shirt, constrains him to confesse, that *riches* are only profitable by misprision; since by the contempt a man makes of them, he may become the richest of the world.

O what a sensible pleasure 'tis to be Rich, say worldly men alwayes! but I would fain know, in what consists this contentment? What satisfaction can there be had to possesse much treasure, knowing what an infinite number of our companions are reduc'd to the last point of poverty? Some in Hospitals, wherethey lie in straw, overwhelmed with a thousand fresh griefs. Others at the corner of a street, where a piece of a Dung-hill serves them at once, both for bed and board. Some again in Dungeons, where horreur and affright, hunger and despair tyrannize equally over their unfortunate spirits. And others in some Desert, to which ill Fate has confined them, to make their ills remediable, as being farre removed

moved from all sorts of succours. How with the knowledge of these truths, a man shall be able to relish greedily the vain sweets of worldly riches, it must needs be for want of reason or pity, and consequently to be altogether brutish or insensible. I shall have (suppose) a hundred thousand Crowns in rents, and all this Revenue shall serve but to nourish my body and its pleasures, without considering, that a hundred thousand poor souls sigh under the heavy burden of their miseries every Day: and yet men shall esteem me happy in being rich in this fate. *O how dangerous are the treasures, which produce these felicities!*

There is no emptiness in nature, for miseries fill all

Is it possible, that the Great-ones of the world do not think at all in the middle of their Feasts, of the extream poverty of an infinite number of persons, and that in themselves they do not reason secretly in this sort; What? in this instant that we satiate the appetite of our senses, with all that nature

It is a brave generosity, to be sensible of other mens miseries.

ture hath produced most delicious for their entertainment; a million & many more poor souls, are reduced to this extremity, as not to have one only crumb of bread. And in this serious thought what relish can they finde in their *best-cook'd-cates*, and in their sweetest condiment? does not this important consideration, mingle a little bitterness? But if their spirits estrange themselves from these meditations, and fasten to objects more agreeable; O how hard of digestion is the second service of their collation! *He which cannot love his neighbour, hath no love for himself.*

To speak ingeniously, every time when I consider in that condition exempt from want, wherein God hath given me birth, and wherein his goodness (which is no other than himself) keeps me still alive; I say, when I consider the misery to which the greatest part of the world is reduced, I cannot be weary of blessing this adorable Providence, which grants me to see from the haven, the tempests wherein

wherein so many spirits are tossed which grace to me alone (me thinks) is all extraordinary; to see my selfe under shelter, from so many evils, wherewith so many persons are *afflicted*. By what means could I deserve, before the Creation of all things, that this soveraign Creator should design me from the Abysses of nothing, to give me *Being*, and a Being moreover of *grace*, making me to be born in a *Golden age*, in a *Christian Kingdom*, and in a City of the *Catholick Faith*; for to be instructed and brought up as I have been in the only Religion, wherein a man may finde his *Salvation*? and with all these benefits, moreover, to elevate me above the *temptations* of poverty and misery.

*All in God is
adorable,
and all
incom-
prehen-
sible; we
must then
adore, and
be silent.*

Are not these most pure favours which would require of this *Eternall ONE*, (who hath bestowed them on me) the term of an *Eternity*, that I might be able to arrive to some small condigne acknowledgment of them? The most

most miserable wretch of the world, wherein did he differ from me in way of merit of some portion of these favours, which he possesseth not; since that before time was, he and I were nothing at all, and yet from all eternity God hath bestowed these things on me in precedency, rather than on him? At least (say I) it did behooove me, that since the first moment, I was capable of reason; I had employed all those of my life past in the continuall meditation of so many, and so great benefits, whereof to reach the reason 'twere to finde the bottoms of the Abysses of this infinite mercy, to which I remain infinitely indebted? And coming to the point, ought not I in this preheminance of mine contribute all my power to the succour of him, who enjoyeth not my happiness, to the end, thus to deserve in a manner, some party of them under the favour of merits from this great God, who only gives reward to those good actions, which he makes me do.

Can

The nearest way
from
Earth to
Heaven
is by Charity.

Can I refuse to be *charitable* to him, who onely begs *some good* of me, but to render me worthy of *that*, which I have received from *heaven*? I shall have all things to my wish amidst my pleasures, when *Death* it self is deaf to his complaints, in extremity of his pains. And shall not I give him some sort of consolation, either in good office, or in pity, being thereunto obliged by yet more powerfull reasons?

Great-ones of the World, you are more miserable then these miserable ones, even in the mid'st of your felicities, if the recite of their evils give you not some touch. You have riches more then they: but *God* hath given you these, but to cheer their poverty. As well also, though they now are yours, shall they take leave of you, at the *Even* of your depart: and if of them you carry any thing away, it shall be onely the interests of that which you have lent these *Poor-ones*.

Great worldly-ones, how is your fate

Earthly greatness is the least gift of Heaven.

fate worthy of compassion rather than Envy, if you have no other Paradise then your riches?

Grandeess of the world ! How soon will the source of your contentments dry up, if onely your treasures give it spring-head ?

He whose
hopes are
onely on
the world,
must
needs at
last de-
sire.

Great worldly-ones ! Of how short endurance shall be your prosperities, though an Age should be limit to their course; since at the end of that term you must die eternally, and die in a pain alwayes living. Suggest to your selves often these importancies. *Visit*, and turn over the leaf to read more of them.

When I consider the great number of *Emperours*, *Kings*, *Princes*, and *Lords*, which have governed the *World*, and the Battels which they have given for its conquests, since the moment of its creation; I remain all amaz'd, not able to find bounds nor measure in this amazement. How many severall Masters may a man imagine then, that the
World

World hath had? and how many times conquered, dividing it into divers Empires, Kingdomes, and Lordships? Well, yet the World hath still remained the same, and in the same place still: but its Emperours, Kings, Princes, and Lords, are vanished away, one at the heels of another; and all their conquests have served them onely as matter of Passe-time, since all their combats and battels, have had no other price of Victory, but upon the same earth, where their glory and bodies remain together enterred.

Hours,
Days,
Years,
and Ages,
may well
be different;
but
the world
is still the
same.

O goodly childish sport, to amuze themselves about conquering some little point within the limits, wherewith the Universe is bounded! Ask but *Alexander* what hee hath done with the booties of his Conquest. When he had taken away all, he had yet nothing, and of himself now remains there nothing at all. *Ambition*, behold the reverse of thy Medall!

LORD, Preserve to me always,
G

Why
should
any love
the world,
which de-
ceives all
that trust
in it?

wayes, (if it please) this humour wherein I now find my self, to misprize all the things of the world, and It too, with passion. Give me a heart wavering and inconstant, to this end, that it may uncessantly change from all worldly Love, till it be subjected to the sweet Empire of thy Love. Render, render evermore my spirit unquiet, untill that it hath found its repose in thee alone, the foundations of such a rest are unremoveable. I will give for nothing all my pretensions on earth; for thereto pretend I nothing at all. *Heaven onely is my mark and aim. Now you shall see soon the end of the Chapter.*

These
wise
worldly
ones have
had no
other re-
compence
of their
folly, but
such a
blast of
Fame's
Trump.

How was it possible that the glory of those brave Romans of former time could any way arrive to that point (though they aimed at it) whereto the renown of Rome it self could never attain? What a folly was it, that they sought immortality amid'st this inconstancy of Ages, where Death onely was in his Kingdome: for they

they assisted every day, at the funerall of their renowned companions, and after they had seen their bodies reduced into ashes, they might, with the same eye, moreover, contemplate their shadows, I mean their statues, metamorphosed into dust, and all their reputation served but as a wind to bear them away into an infinity of *Abysses*, since, as a Wind, being nothing else, it flies away with these heaps of ruine, so farre both from the eye, and all memory, that, in the end, there is no more thought on'r.

In effect, all these great men of the World did see buried every moment the hope of this vain glory, whereof their ambition was alwayes labouring to make acquits, and yet not one of them for all this slipped back; as if they took a pride in their vanities, and the folly of them were hereditary. *CÆSAR* had seen the death of *Pompey*, and with him all the glory of his renown; and *Pompey* had seen buried in the tomb of

Ambition never elevates, but to give a greater fall.

Time, and *Oblivion*, the renown
 of that great *Scipio*, whose valour
 (more redoubted then the thunder)
 had made the *Earth* tremble for
 oft *Scipio* in his turn might have
 read the Epitaph, which despair,
 shame, and dysaster, had graven
 in letters of Gold upon the Se-
 pulchre of *Hannibal*. And *Han-*
nibal might have learn't to know
 by the unconstancy of the Age,
 wherein he liv'd, before he made
 experiment of them, the mis-
 fortunes, and miseries, which are
 inseparable to our condition. And
 yet notwithstanding, all of them
 tumbled one after other, upon
 one and the same Stumbling-
 stone.

The rich-
 est of the
 world at
 last is
 found as
 poor as
 the poor-
 est com-
 panions

I am not come into *Persia*, for
 the conquest of treasures, said
Alexander to *Parmenio*: take thou
 all the riches, and leave me all
 the glory: but after good calcu-
 lation, neither of them both had
 any thing at all. These riches
 remained in the world still, to
 which they properly appertain-
 ed, and this vain-glory saw its
 lover

lover die, without it self being
seen. Insomuch that after so great
conquests, the worms have con-
quered this great *Monarch*, and
as the dung-hill of his ashes ha's
no sort of correspondence with
this so famous name of *Alexan-
der*, which otherwhile he bore:
'tis not to be said, what he hath
been, seeing what he is now, I mean
his present wretchednesses efface
every day the memory of his past
greatnesses.

Ambitious spirits! Though you
should conquer a thousand
worlds, as he did this one, you
should not be a whit richer for
all these Conquests. The Earth
is still as it was, it never changes
nature. All her honours are not
worth one tear of repentance: all
its glory is not to be prized with
one sigh of contrition. I grant
that the noise of your renown
may resound through the four
corners of the Universe: That of
S A L A D I N E which went
round it all, could not exempt
him from the mishaps of life, nor

miseries

miserics of Death. After he had encoffered all the riches of the East, yet he finds himself so poor for all that; hardly can he take along with him so much as a Shirt.

Embalme then the Air which you breathe, with a thousand Odours; be Served in Plate of Gold, Lie in Ivory, Swim in Honours, and lastly, Let all your actions glitter with magnificence; the last moment of your life shall be Judge of all those, which have preceded it: then shall you be able at your Death, to tell me the worth of this vain glory, whereof you have been Idolaters; and after your Death, you shall resent the pains of an eternal regret; having now no more opportunity to repent you to any effect.

Believe me, all is but Vanity, Honours, Glory, Riches, Praise, Esteem, Reputation, All this is but smoak during Life, and after Death, nothing at all. The Grands of the world have made a little more noyse then others by the way

'Tis the
greatest
horror of
death, to
render
account
of all the
moments
of life.

way. But this noyse is ceas'd,
their light is extinguish'd, their
memory buried. And if men
speak of them sometimes, the an-
swer is returned with a shake of
the head, intimating no more
words of them, since such a Law
of silence, *Time* hath imposed
hereon. Seek your glory in *God*,
and your Honour in the contempt
of this earthly Honour, if you will
eternize your renown, in the per-
petuity of Ages. *I have no more to*
say to you, after these truths.

G 4

A PRO-



A
PROLUSIVE

Upon the EMBLEME
of the third Chapter.

A Funerall Herse with wreaths of Cypress
crested,

A Skeleton with Robes imperiall vested,
Dead march, sad looks, no glorious circum-
stance

Of high Achievements, and victorious
Chance.

Are these fit Trophy's for a Conquerour?

These are the Triumphs of the Emperour.

ADRIAN, who chose this Sable Heraldry
Before the popular guilded Pageantry,

'Stead of Triumphall Arches he doth rear

The Marble Columns of his Sepulcher.

No publick honours wave his strict intent,

To shrine his Triumph in his Monument.

The Conscript Fathers and Quirites all

Intend his welcome to the Capitoll.

The vast expence one day's work would have
cost,

He wiser far (since t'other had been lost)

To build a Mausoleum doth bestow,

Which now at Rome is call'd Saint * Angelo;
Where

* Moles
Adriani
nunc Ca-
strum S.
Angeli.

Where to this Day, from *Ælius Adrian's*
Name,

This *Ælian* * Bridge doth still revive his
fame.

* Pons
Ælius.

Now was the peoples expectation high,
For wanted Pomp, and glitt'ring Ghevalry :
But to their *Emp'our* doth invite 'em all,
Not to a Shew, but to his *Funerall*.

They look for *Gen' Gaw* fancies ; his wise
scorn

Contemns those Vanities, leaves their hope
forlorn.

For since all's smother'd in the *Funerall Pile*,
He will not dally with 'em for a while.

This was *Self-Victory*, and deserveth more.

Then all the Conquests he had won before.

What can Death do to such a man, or *Fate*,

Whose Resolutions them anticipate

For since the *Grave* must be the latter end,

Let our preventing thoughts first thither
tend.

Bravely resolv'd it is, knowing the
worst.

What must be done at last, as good
at first.

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[The following text is heavily obscured by ink blots and is largely illegible.]



THE M I R R O U R

WHICH
FLATTERS NOT.

CHAP. III.

O How glorious is the Tri-
umph over Death? O how
brave is the victory over a
Mans life! You see how *this great
Monarch, triumphs to day over that
proud Triumpher Death, after the
happy vanquishment of his passi-
ons. He enters into his Empire
by the Port of his Tomb, thus to
reign during his life, like a man
that dies every moment; he cele-
brates himself his own Funerals,
and is led in Triumph to his Sepul-
cher to learn to die generously.
What a glory's this to over-awe
That, which commands the whole
world?

* Adri-
an.



*ADRIAN Emperour of Rome Celebrates
himselfe, his Funeralls, and causes his Coffin
to be carried in Triumph before him.*

wor
aff
nor
wh
wh
self
sou
stor

and
Bab
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be
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o t
afte
tels
a F
ous
Tro

Epa
lust
che

world? What Courage is this, to assail and combate *That*, which none could ever yet resist? And what a power is it, to tame *That* which never yet yielded? *Echo* herself hath not rebounds enow to resound aloud the wonders of this *Victory*.

This is not the Triumph of *Alexander*, when he made his entry into *Babylon*, mounted upon a Chariot as rich as the *Indies*, and more glistering then the *Sun*.

In this we see no other riches, but the rich contempt, which ought to be made of them; no other lustre, but of *Vertue*.

This is not the Triumph of *Cesar* then, when he was drawn unto the *Capitol* by forty Elephants, after he had won twenty four batels. In this, we see nought else but a *Funerall* pomp; but yet so glorious, that *Death* her self serves for a *Trophy* to it.

This is not the Triumph of *Epaminondas*, where the glorious lustre of the magnificence shad'd the splendour of the day, which yet

yet lent its light to it. The Marvels which appear'd in this here, seem'd as celebrating in black the Exequies of all the other braveries of the world, since nothing can be seen more admirable then this.

To triumph
over vice,
is the noblest
Trophy.

This is not the Triumph of *Aurelianus* where all the graces are led captive with *Zenobia*. In this are to be seen no other captives but the world, and all its vanities, and their defeat is the richest Crown of the Victor.

This is not the Triumph of that pompous Queen of Egypt entering into *Cilicia*, where she rais'd admiration to her self in a Galley of unutterable value, but in this we contemplate the more then humane industry of a Pilot, who from the mid'st of the storms and tempest of the world, recovers happily to the Port, the ship of his life, though yet but in the way to approach to it.

In fine, this is not the Triumph of *Sesostris*, whose stately Chariot

riot four Kings drew. Passions are the onely slaves of this, and *Death* being here vanquisht, this honour remains immortall, and the name of the Triumpher.

Say we then once again, O how glorious a Triumph is this, over *Death*! O how brave is the victory over our selves! and the onely means thus to vanquish a mans self, is to bury his ambition before his body be ensepulchred, preparing neverthelesse the tomb of both; to the end, that the continual remembrances of *Death*, may serve for temperament and moderation to the delights of life.

We read of *Paulus Æmilius*, that returning to *Rome* laden with wreaths of Laurell, after the famous victory over the *Persians*; he made his entrance of triumph with so great Pomp and Magnificence, that the Sun seemed to rouse it self many times, as if upon design to contemplate these wonders.

Pompey desirous to expose to the view

All the glory of men vanishesth away with them.

view of day, all the magnificent Presents, which Fortune had given him in his last conquests, entered now the third time in Triumph into the City of Rome, where the noyse of his valour made as many Idolaters, as admirers; gaining hearts, and now conquering Souls, as well as before Realms and Provinces: But it seems, that the glory, which accompanied him in this action, had this defect, not to be sufficiently worthily known, even of those that were witnesses of it, as surpassing by much, all that they could possibly expresse of it.

Vanity!
is a dangerous
enemy, it
flatters,
only to
surprize.

There was seen advanced before his Chariot, in ostentation, a Checker-Work composed of two sorts of precious stones, whose beauty set them beyond all price: But yet (me thinks) their sparkling might have in good time been a light to him, if by a feeling of fore-sight, touching the inconsistency of his fortune, he had caused to have been graven thereon the History of his mishaps. There

was

was admired in sequell, a Statue of the Moon, all of Gold, in form of a *Crescent*; and I am astonish'd, that this Image of change and *Vicissitude*, made him not foresee the deturning of the Wheel, I mean the storm, that was to succeed the calm of his happineffe. He caus'd moreover to be carried before him a great number of Vessels of Gold, never thinking that *Death* might soon replenish some part of them with his ashes. There was seen to follow a Mountain all of Gold, upon which were all sorts of Animals, and many Trees of the same matter, and this Mountain was enrounded with a Vine, whose golden glittering dazled the eyes of all that considered his wonders. This proud Triumpher was the *Orpheus* which to the *Lyrick* sound of his renown, attracted this Mountain, these Animals, these Trees, this Vine. But as *Orpheus*, so him also, Fortune destin'd a Prey to the fury of *Bacchinals*, I mean the Eunuchs which put him to *Death*. Three

Statues

Ambition is an incurable disease of the soul, if in good time it be not lookt to.

Statues of Gold, first *Jupiter's*, then of *Mars*; and then of *Pallas*, came after. These were his Gods and his Goddesses: what succours could he expect from these Deities, which had no substance, but in statue, and the copy of whose Pourtraicture had no principall? There was had in admiration moreover, thirty Garlands all of Gold, and Pearls: but these Crowns were too weighty for his head, from whence it came to passe, that he fell under the burden. A golden Chappell followed after, dedicated to the *Muses*, upon which was a great Horologe of the same materials. And as the Index still turned, ought not he to have considered, that the hour of his triumphing began to passe away, and that of his overthrow would presently follow, being sequell to the Lawes of that vicissitude, to which Fate hath subjected all things? His Statue of Gold enriched with Diamonds, and Pearls, whereof nor he himself, nor he that enwrought them, knew the value followed

A man
had need
to have
an excel-
lent me-
mory, not
to forget
himself
among
his ho-
nours.

followed in its course, and in fine, this his shadow, was more happy than the true body, as having never been scuffled with, but by time, and the other was vanquisht with misery. Then appeared the great *Pompey*, seated upon a throne where he and Fortune seemed to give lawes to the whole world: for his triumphall Chariot was so richly glorious, so magnificent in rarities, so splendid in new, and ne're-before-seen wonders, that a ravishment surpris'd mens spirits, elevating them at once from admiration to extasie, not giving them leisure to make reflection upon the present realties. But this Triumphall Chariot still rowled about, and though the Triumpher remained seated in his place, yet his Fortune turned about likewise. Insomuch that in going to the Capitoll, he approacht by little and little to the bank, where his life and happinesse were equally interred.

In fine, for the fulnesse of glory, These proper names of the Conquests,

*Be it our
constant
meditation,
of the
incon-
stancy to
which all
worldly
things are
subjected.*

See Pliny's Nat. History, 9, Book, 26. Chapter.

Pride is the passion of Fools: for what a senselessness is it, to be proud, having so many miseries about us, which are incident to mortal man.

How poor is the vanity of man, having no other grounds but humane frailty?

quests, which he had made, were read in golden Characters: The Kingdome of Pontus, Armenia, Cappadocia, Paphlagonia, Medea, Colchis, the Hiberians, the Albanians, Syria, Cilicia, Mesopotamia, Phœnicia, Palestina, Judea, Arabia, and all the Rovers of all the Seas. Who can be comparable to this proud Conquerour? and yet (*I say it*) having conquered and subjugated the greatest part of the Earth, Fate permits him not so much, as to expire upon it; and the Sea yet more treacherous, prepares him shipwrack in mid'st of the Port.

What resemblance, and what correspondence can there be now, between this Triumph so sumptuous, so stately, and magnificent; and that, whose presentation I shew you; where *lowliness*, *humility* and *misery* hold the first rank, and possess the highest places? Assuredly the difference is great, but yet this inequality here is glorious, since it brings along with it the price of that vertue, where-
of

of Pompey despised the conquest. He, in his Triumph, raised wonder to the beauty of those two great precious Stones. But the Sepulchrall Marbles, which appeared in this of *ADRIAN*, were of another estimate, because prudence values them above all price, putting them to that employment, to which she had destinated them. Again, if he expose to view in vessels of gold, Mountains, Animals, Trees, Vines, Statues of the same matter; This *Herse* covered with *black*, which serves for ornament to this *Funerall* Pomp, containes yet much more treasure, since the contempt of all together is graven therein. He makes ostentation of his *Statue* of Gold, enricht with Pearls: but our *Monarch* takes as much glory without them, shewing in his own bare *Pourtraist*, the originall of his miseries. That proud conquerour had a thousand Garlands and golden Coronets, as a novell Trophy: But ours here crownes himself with *Cypresse* during his
carreere

Except
 the crown
 of vertue,
 all other
 are sub-
 ject to
 change,

carreere of life, to merit those palms which await him in the end. In fine, Pompey is the Idoll of hearts, and souls; and his Triumphall Chariot serves as an Altar, where he receives the vowes and Sacrifices: But this Prince, instead of causing Idolaters, during the sway of his Majesty, immolates himself up to the view of Heaven, and Earth, dying already in his own Funerals, and suffering himself to be as it were buried by the continuall object, which dwells with him of Death and his Tombe. But if Pompey lastly boast himself to have conquered an infinite number of Realms, or all the world together: * This Man having never had more enemies than his passions, hath sought no other glory but to overcome them, and in their defeat, a Man may well be stil'd the Conquerour of Conquerours; for the Coronall wreaths of this Triumph, fear not the Suns extremity, nor the Ages inconstancy. *We must passe on further.*

* Adri.
ano

Isidore,

Isidore, and *Tranquillus*, do assure us, that to carry away the glory of a Triumph, it was necessarily required to vanquish five thousand enemies; or gain five victories, as it is reported of *Caesar*. The consent of the Senate was also to be had. And the Conquerour was to be clothed in Purple, and Crowned with Laurell, holding a Scepter in his hand, and in this sort he was conducted to the Capitoll of *Jupiter*, where some famous Orator made a *Panegyrick* of his prowess.

All the objects of Vanity are so many enemies, against which we ought to be always in arms.

What better *Allegory* can we draw from these prophane truths, then this of the *Victory*, which we ought to have of our five Senses (as of five thousand enemies) whose defeat is necessary to our triumph. These are the five *Victories*, which he must gain, that would acquire such Trophies, whose glory is taken away, neither by time nor Death.

This consent of the Senate is the Authority of our reason, which alone

Still to wage war against our passions, is the way to live in peace.

alone gives value and esteem to our actions, and 'tis of her that we may learn the means in obeying her command over our passions, and by the conquest of this sway, triumph over *our selves*, which is the bravest victory of the World.

These Scepters and Crownes are so many marks of Sovereignty, which remain us in propriety after subjection of so many fierce enemies. *Heaven* is the Capitoll, whither our good works conduct us in triumph, and where the voyce of Angels serves for Orators, to publish the glory of our deeds, whose renown remaines eternall.

'Tis not
all, to love
Virtues;
'Tis the
practise.

These great *Roman* Captains, which made love to Vertue, though without perfect knowledge of it, have sought for *honour* and *glory* in the overthrow of their enemies: but they could never find the shadows of solid Honour, which thus they sought; from whence it came to passe, that they have fashioned to themselves

selves divers *Chimera's*, for to re-
past their fancy too greedy of these
cheating objects. Not that there
is no glory in a Conquest: but
'twas their ambition led them along
in Triumph, amidst their own Tri-
umphing.

What honour had *Cæsar* born
away, if he had joyned to his
Trophies the slavery of *Cleopatra*?
he had exposed to view a Cap-
tive Queen, who otherwise had
subjected him to her Love-domi-
nion. But if the fortune of the
warre had delivered him this Prin-
cesse, the fate of Love would have
given, even himself into her hands.
Insomuch, that the *Death* of *Cle-
opatra* immortalized the renown of
Cæsar.

Asdrubal, according to *Justin*,
triumphed four times in *Carthage*,
but this famous Theater of honour,
where glory it self had appeared
so often upon its throne, serves
in conclusion for a Trophy to
a Conquerour; insomuch, that it
buried at once the renown, and
memory, even of those that had
presented

He tri-
umphant
with an
ill grace,
o're whom
his vice
triumphs.

presented themselves *triumphant personages*.

To day *Memphis* is all *Triumphant*, and on the morrow this proud City is reduced to slavery. To day the report of its glory makes the world shake, and on the morrow Travellers seek for it upon its own site, but finde it not. O goodly *triumph*! O fearfull *overthrow*! What continuall revolution of the *wheel*! *Marcellus* shews himself at point of *day* upon a magnificent Chariot of *Triumph*, and at *Sun-set* his glory and his life finish equally their *carreere*. I mean, in the twinkling of an eye, *Fortune* takes away from him all those *Laurel-wreaths* which she had given him, and leaves him nothing at his *death*, but the regret of having liv'd too long.

It may be
some con-
solation
in all our
miserie,
to see all
else have
their
changes,
as well
as we.

Marius triumphed diverse times, but with what tempests was the *Ship* of his *fortune* entertained? Behold him now elevated upon the highest *Throne* of *Honour*; but if you turn but your head,
you

you shall see him all naked in his shirt, half-buried under the mire of a common Sink, where the light of the day troubles him, not being able to endure the Sun, a witness of his misfortunes. Behold him first, I say, in all abundance of Greatnesse, and Sovereignty, whereof the splendour dazles the world; but stay a little, and you shall hear pronounced the sentence of his Death, being abandoned even of himself, having no more hope of safety.

How pompous and celebrated was the Triumph of *Lucullus*? In which, he rais'd admiration to the magnificence of an hundred Gallies, all-armed in the Prow; a thousand Chariots, charged with Pikes, Halberts, and Corselets whose shocking rumbles sounded so high, it frightened the admirers, though they celebrated the Festivall of the Victory. The number of Vessels of Gold, and other Ornaments of the Triumph, was without number. The Statue of *Mithridates* also of Gold, six

H

foot

foot high, with the Target all covered with precious Stones, serv'd anew to the Triumph. And of this *Glory* all the world together was an *adorer*; for the renown of the *Conquerour* had diverse times surrounded the *Universe*.

Great
Men can-
not com-
mit little
faulrs.

BUT, what *shame* after so much *glory*! What *infamy* after so great *honour*! *Lucullus*, victorious over so many *Empires*, is found in fine subjected under the dominion of his *pleasures*: his *valour* ha's made many *slaves* every where, and yet his *sottishnesse* renders him in the end *slave* to his own *passions*. Insomuch, that after he had exalted the *splendour* of *Rome's* beauty, by his brave *actions*, worthy admiration, he again blouzeth it's *lustre* by his excessive *debeskes*, all black with *vice*. And now 'tis in vain to seek for *Lucullus* triumphant, since he is only to be found overthrown in reputation, in which he survives; thus rendring himself doubly miserable.

We

We read of *Epaminondas*, that returning victorious from the *Leuctrians*, he received with regret the Present of the honour of *Triumph*, which the Senate had prepared him, apprehending evermore the deturn of the *Wheel*: so that the next morrow after the *Festivall*, he took on him mourning habit, to prepare himself betimes to suffer the change of his fortune.

Plutarchus in Apophtheg. Reg. in Imp. Tristis sollicitus- que circumivit urbem.

It is remark't in the History of *Demetrius*, that entring in *Triumph* into *Athens*, the people cast flowers, and an infinite number of golden Globes up and down the streets, for a sign of a sumptuous congratulation. But what sign of *Vicissitude* and frailty, could there be more apparent, than this, which these flowers represented, since there is nothing more frail in Nature than they? And these balls shewed also by their round and still-rouling figure, that the Glory whereof they were the symbol, and *Hieroglyphick*, could not be firm, and stable, according

We are but as so many flowers planted by Nature in the garden of the Earth, and onely Death gathers us.

as *Truth* it self soon after published by a suddcn change, which rendred the fate of this *Victor* deplorable.

*In like
respect
also we
are as
Bowles,
for still
we rowl
along to
the grave.*

Consider a little upon the same subject, what revolutions hath the Ball of Empire made since the first *Monarch*; let it fall at his *Death* is it not credible, that it hath run over diverse times the circuit of the Universe, and its figure instructs us, that in the inconstancy which is proper to all created things, it will still rowl incessantly from one to another; without ever staying, since its Center is no where at all? For so long as the world shall endure, a continuall vicissitude will be its foundation. And what means can there be to finde a seat upon the earth; which may be sheltered from inconstancy, which reigns soveraignly and necessarily, as essentiall to all whatsoever subsists here below? *I have not been farre, behold me upon return.*

Tertullian assures us, that in the Triumphs of the *Romans*, there was

was a man waged to cry aloud to the
Triumpher,

Remember thou art a Man.

Pliny passeth farther yet, and tells us, that they were accustomed to put an iron Ring upon the *Conquerours* finger, in sign of servitude, as if silently to intimate unto him, that he was besides himself, by an excessse of vanity in this amplitude of honour, wherein he saw himself elevated above his companions. And upon the same subject, a great number of *Historians* do adde, that about the Chariot of the *Triumpher*, there were two men assigned, the one carrying a *Deaths-head*, the other the Image of a *Peacock*, and both continually crying.

REMEMBER THAT THOU
ART A MAN.

Certainly, vanity makes great Prize of us, then when we are elevated to some eminent degree of honour. And though our heads be but as of *dead-mens*, for we are dying uncessantly, and our miseries resemble us to those Images of

Worldly
honours
are so
many
temptati-
ons, to
make us
idolatrize
our selves

Vanity
is a dan-
gerous
enemy,
since it
betrays
us while
it seems
to oblige
us, by the
compla-
cence
which it
gives us.

Peacocks, which cannot bear up train but upon ugly Feet : Yet our blindness is so great, and this Self-love so extream, that men are dazled with too much splendour and a man becomes slave to himself by loving himself with too much passion. Greatnesse and prosperity never let themselves be possesst, but to take greater possession of us. And as they have allurements to charm us, and sweets to ravish us; a Man had need implore the succour of Divine grace, if he would escape their pleasing tyranny; and nothing but flight from them, or contempt, can give us weapons to resist them. Let us still return to the point.

We read of *Judas Maccabæus*, that returning victorious from *Galilee*, the people conducted him to the Temple, by a way all tapistred with flowers. *Abraham* after he had vanquished five Kings, was received in Triumph into *Salem*, now called *Jerusalem*.

Judith received the honour of Triumph by the destruction of *Holofernes*

Holofernes, and all the people of *Bethulia* laden with *Palms*, to make her triumphall wreaths, cried out in her favour, *Behold the glory of Jerusalem, and the joy of all her Nation.*

Joseph shews himself in *Triumph* also upon the Chariot of *Pharaoh*, who puts his royall Ring upon his finger, gives him his chain of gold and makes him publickly, to be acknowledged for the second person of *Egypt*.

Gen. 41.
41, 42,
&c.

David triumphs over *Goliath*, with a magnificence worthy of his victory, and the Virgins chant to his glory, *Saul hath killed his thousands, and David his ten thousands.*

1 Sam.
18 7.

Mordecai also had his turn of *Triumph*, mounted upon the horse of *Abasuerus*, and had his praises Heraldized by *Haman*, in these terms: *Thus shall it be done to the man, whom the King will honour.*

Ester 6.
11.

All these triumphs are worthy of admiration, I avouch it: but the *Triumph* over Our selves, is worthy

astonishment, as having to combat our passions, and consequently the winning'st enemies of the world; I say, the winning'st, or the pleasing'st, since they guard themselves onely with such kind of weapons, whose hurtings make us often sigh rather for joy than grief.

Certainly, the *Victory of reason* over all the revolted faculties of our souls, merits alone the honour of a Triumph; and what advantage soever a man hath over his enemies, he himself is yet still vanquish'd, if his vices be not subdued. *I pursue my design.*

They which have enthronized *Vertue* in their breasts, have laid their foundations upon the ruines of their passions, to testifie to us, that a man cannot be vertuous with their predominancy. And after essay of diverse means upon design to vanquish them, I have found none more powerfull, than this, *The Meditation of Death*; but if any doubt this, the tryall of it will be profitable for him.

How

How is it possible that a *Man* should let himself be mastered with the passion of *Revenge*, if he but muse of that *Vengeance*, which his sinnes may draw down every moment upon his head, as being every hour in an estate to die? He shall hear rumble in his ears the thunder of Divine Justice, by the continuall murmur of his sighs, which advertise him of the approaches of *Death*. What courage can he have to avenge himself, being upon point himself to suffer the torment of eternall vengeance?

Thou that art *Vindicative*, wilt thou then quench the ardour of thy *Choler*, feel thine own pulse, and consider that their petty slow feaver, wherewith thou art stormed leads thee by little and little into the grave.

Who can be *Ambitious*, if musing of *Death*; since he must quit all with his life? Let us ponder a while the fate of those arrogant spirits, which have misled themselves to conquer the vain great-

It is more
honour for
a man to
avenge
himself
of his
choler,
than of
his enemy.

nesses of the Earth. What hath been in fine their share at the end of the carriere? They have had nothing but unprofitable regrets to have so ill employed their time, finding themselves so poor with all their treasure, as if they had been born the wretched'st of the world. Thou *Ambitious one*, wilt thou be cured of the disease of thy Passion? think each Hour of the day, that that which thou now hearest strike, may be thy Last.

Mortall
frailty
brings
blemish
to the
fairest
visages;
and
mightily
takes
from
their opi-
nion be-
ing well
consider-
ed.

Who would sigh for *profane love*, after these objects of dust, and ashes, if he often considered, that he himself is made of nothing else, and that this noysome and corruptive matter seeks nothing more, than abysses of the grave, there to hide within its loathsomenesse? In effect, who would give his flesh a prey to pleasures, if he would consider that the worms do in expectation, make their fees thereof already. *The meditation of Death, serves for temperament to all sorts of delights.* And if a Man be capable

capable of love in this *muz*e, it cannot be other than of his *Salvation*, since this object is eternall, but all others of the world perishable. Infortunate Lovers search the solace of your immodest passions in the *Anatomy* of the subject whereof you are Idolaters. Be assistant at that *dead view*. Think of your own *Death*. Behold you are cured.

What wretched rich man would be so much in love with his treasures, if he would consider, that *Death* robs him from them every day, making him die continually, and that at the end of the term of his life, he carries along with him but the *good*, or the *evill* which he hath done, to be either *recompenc'd* or *punish'd*, but with a glory or a punishment, whereof *Eternity* alone must terminate the continuance? Covetous *Misers*, the only means for you to be so no more, is to celebrate your own funerals by your *Meditations*, and often to consider the *Account*, not of your riches, but that which you must render

He which considers if that wretchedness which is adjunct to Death easily misprizes the riches of this life.

render one day of their fruition, since your *Salvation* depends thereon.

Who, in fine, would make a God of his Belly, seeking with passion all the delights, which may tickle the sense of *Taste*, if he represented to himself the *miseries* of the body, which he takes so much pains to nourish, and the rigour of those inviolable decrees, which destinate him a prey to the *worms*, and the remains of their leavings to *rottenesse*? This consideration would bee capable to make him lose both appetite, and desire, at the same time, to nourish so delicately his carcasse. O *souls* all of *flesh*, repasting your selves with nothing *else*, there is no invention to make you change nature, but this, to *Hear* your selves dye by the noyse of your *sighs*, to *See* your selves dye by the *wrinkles* which furrow every day upon your *vi-lages*, and to *Feel* your selves dye by the beatings of your pulse, which *indexeth* this your *bedlick* feaver,

teaver, wherewith you are mortally attainted. This is a *Probatum-remedy*, the experience thereof is not dangerous.

May not a man then maintain with much reason, that the thought of *Death* alone is capable to cure our souls of the disease of their *passions* in dosing them both the Means, and the *Vertue* to triumph over them. But if of this you desire an example, call to mind that, which I have proposed you in the beginning of the Chapter. How marvellous is it that a great *Monarch*, who is able to maintain all manner of pleasure in his heart, with all the delights which accompany it; celebrates himself his *Funeralls* in midst of his carriere of life, beginning to reign at the end of his reign, since that last object is alwayes present before his eyes. His *Passions* do assaile him, but hee vanquisheth them; they give him combate, but hee leads them in triumph, and buries them altogether in the *Tomb*, which he prepares

If a man should forget all things else but the miseries of his condition, this last were enough to exercise the vastest memory.

prepares himself. Consider a little the glory which is relucient in this action.

We read of the Kings of *Arabia*, that they triumphed upon Dromedaries, the Kings of *Persia* upon Elephants, of *Croatia* upon Bulls, the *Romans* upon horses; and yet 'tis remarkt of *Nero*, that he made himself be drawn in Triumph by four Hermaphrodite Mares, *Camillus* by four white Horses, *Mark Antony* by four Lions, *Aurelian* by four Harts, *Cesar* by four Elephants, *Heliogabalus* by four Doggs.

Moreover, the Poets do assure us, that the triumphant Charriot of *Bacchus* was drawn by Tygers, *Neptune's* by Fishes, of *Tbetis* by Dolphins, *Diana's* by Harts, of *Venus* by Doves, *Juno's* by Peacocks.

This Vanity is a most contagious malady, and the only preservative, is the remembrance of Death.

All these objects of pomp, and magnificence, whereof Histories and Fables would enter-nize the vanity, have for all that done nothing but passe away, and though a little remembrance of

of them stay with us; 'tis but the memoriall of a *Chimera*, and of a fantasm, since it preaches nothing else to us, but the ruin, and non-entity, of that which hath been otherwhile. O how glorious a Triumph is it, when we ourselves are encharioted over our passions now enslaved and subjected under the Empire of Reason? There is nothing so glorious, there is nothing so magnificent: For these Dromidaries, these Elephants, these Bulls, these Horses, these Hermaphrodite Mares, these Lions, Stags, and Tygers afore-mentioned, are but brute beasts, which draw along in train after them others as brutish as themselves, as suffering themselves to be transported with vanity, which only reduceth them to this beastly-semlant vanity. Let us turn our face unto another side.

SABELLICUS in his *ENNEADS*, actively perswades us to believe, that the *Christians* of *Aethiopia* do carry in their processions,

These things yuminated on, will make us wise.

Let the
fire of
Divine
Love
glow up-
on our
ashes.

cessions, great vessels full of ashes, to emblemize apparently the frailty of our nature. But may not we say upon too much reason, that *we are earthen vessels* full of ashes; and what object more sensibly can be presented before our eyes, to shew us the truth of our miseries, then *this* of ourselves? From *Earth* is our production, and the *same* serves us with nourishment, and for sepulture also, as if ashamed the Sun should afford his light to our wretchednesse.

The
thought
of our
end is a
soveraign
remedy
against
our passi-
ons.

Make we then every day *Fu-
nerall processions*, or at least visit
in meditation every hour our
Tomb, as the place where our
bodies must take so long abode.
Celebrate we our selves our own
Funerals, and invite to our exe-
quies, *Ambition, Avarice, Pride,
Choler, Luxury, Gluttony*, and all
the other *Passions*, wherewith we
may be attainted, to the end to
be Conquerours, even by our
own proper defeat: For when a
Man yields to the *Meditation* of
Death,

Death, then reason command:
sense; All obey to this apprehen-
sion of frailty, and feebleness.
Pleasures by little and little a-
bandon us, the sweets of life
seem sour, and we can finde no
other quiet, but in the hope of
that, which Truth it self hath
promised us, after so much trou-
ble.

Proud Spirits: be ye Spectators
of this *Funeral Pomp*, which this
great *Monarch* celebrates to day:
He invites the Heaven and the Earth
to his *Exequies*, since in their view
hee accompanies his pourtrayed
Skeleton unto the *Tomb*: his Bo-
dy conducts thither its shadow,
the originall the painted figure in
attendance, till a *Metamorphosis*
be made both of one and t'other.
O glorious action! where the Li-
ving takes a pride to appear *Dead*,
as dying already by its own
choyce, as well as necessity. *O*
glorious action! where the Trium-
pher takes a glory in the appear-
ance of his overthrow. *O glorious*
action! where all the honour
depends

depends upon the contempt of the worlds honour. O glorious action! where Garlands of Cypresse dispute the preheminance with Laurell and Palm. O Glorious action! where the Conquerour undergoing the Laws of Nature, elevates himself above it, making his puissance to be admired, in his voluntary weakness. But I engage myself too far in't.

Herodotus remarks, that the Queen Semiramis made her Sepulcher be erected upon the entrances of the principall Gate of the * City, to the end, that this sad object of wretchednesse might serve for a School-master to passengers, to teach them the Art, to know themselves. O blessed Lesson is that, which the Tombs can afford us. O gracious Science is that, which they instruct us!

Strabo testifies, that the Persians made Pipes of dead-mens bones, which they used at Festivals; to the end, that the sad harmony which issued thence, might temper the excesse of joy. But

* Baby-
lon,

No better
School
then the
Church-
yard.

But may not we say our *Lungs* to be to us such kind of *Whistles*, and that our *dolorous sighs*, which produce thence the *harmony*, are capable to moderate the violence of our *contentments*? A strange thing it is, that all the animated objects, which are affected by our *senses*, bear the *Image* of *Death*, and yet we never think but of *Life*. Let our eyes but fairly turn their regards on all sides, *All that lives*, they may see *dies*; and what ha's no *life*, passes away before 'em. Our ears are tickled with the sweet harmony of *Voyces*, or *Instruments*, or *Tabor*s, or *Trumpets*: But these *sounds* are but *Organs* spirited with *blasts*, whose borrowed wind is lost, when the motion ceaseth; and there behold the *Faile* of their *life*. And for *Instruments*, 'tis true they warble delightfully, yet their *melody* is often *dolefull* to the *mind*, when it considers that it proceeds from certain guts of dead beasts, which *Art* hath so contrived. *Tabor*s being

The object of our nothingness ha's a grace and allure-ment capable to ravish the best spirits.

of

Death is
ever pre-
sent, and
at hand,
to our
heart,
but still
absent
from our
memory.

of the same nature, must also necessarily produce the same effects, and *Trumpets* also do but *ob* in our ears, since their *clangor* is forced onely by the violence of a *blast of sighs*: Our *Taste* cannot satiate the hunger of its appetite, but with dead and breathlesse things: and all our other senses are subject to the same necessity. Inso-much, that *Death* environs us on all sides, though we be alwayes her own; and yet we *never think on't*, but in *extremities*: as if we were onely to learn at the last instant, that we are *Mortall*, and the *hard experience* which we make on't, were the onely *Lesson*, which by *Nature* is given us.

L O R D, render me capable, if it please thee, of this *Science*, which may *effectually* teach me the *Art*, to *know my self*; to the end, that this knowledge may represent to me alwayes the reality of my wretchednesse. Make me that I may see my self, may understand and feel my self to *die every moment*: but so, that I may see it with the

the eyes of my heart, perceive it with the eyes of my soul, and feel it, by the sense of my conscience, therein to finde my repose and safety. I know well, that Nature mourns uncessantly the death of its works, which are devoured every hour by Time; and though no where thus can I see but Sadnesse it self, yet we'rethelesse remain I insensible of the horreur of these objects; and though they be terrible, my spirit is not affrighted. Render me therefore, if it please thee, render me fearfull, and make me even to tremble in thinking of it, since the thought of it is so important, suffer me not to live a kinde of Death, without meditating of that life which is exempt from Death, and whereof Eternity is the Limit. All my votes do terminate at this, and all my wishes, which I ad-dresse to thy bounty, that I may one day see the effects of my hopes. Let us advance on our first proposition.

O how celebrated, and glorious is the Triumph over our Selves! Let

us

*A Man
hath no
greater
enemy
than
Himself.*

us leave the Laurels, and Palms, to those famous Conquerours of Sea and Land. Their Crowns are now metamorphosed into dust, their renown into wind, themselves into corruption, and for a surplussage of mishap after the conquest of the whole World, they die in the miseries, whereunto they were born.

* Tomy-
ris,

*There is
nothing
more
vain,
than
Vain-
g'ory; 'tis
a body
without
soul or
life, ha-
ving no
subsist-
ance, but
in imagi-
nation,*

Cyrus could not bound his ambition lesse, than to the vast extension of the Universe: and yet a * simple woman onely prescrib'd him an allay, and placed his head in the range of his own Trophies, Artiomides playes Jupiter upon Earth, his Pourtraict is the onely Idol of his subjects: and yet one turn of the wheel casts him a sacrifice upon the same Altar, which he had erected to his glory his life glistering with triumphs, but his death in such a ruine, clouded even the memory of his name. All those stately Triumphers, of whom Antiquity trumpets-out wonders, have had no other recompence of their labours, but this

this vain conceipt, that one day men would talk of them. But what felicity is it to be praised in this world, to which they are dead, and tormented in the other, wherein they live even yet, and ever. I care very little, that men should talke of me after my Death; the esteem of men is of so small importance, that I would not buy it so deare, as with a wish only. It behooves to search reputation in the purity of the conscience, if a man would have the glory of it last for ever. The renown of a good man is much greater, than that of *Cæsar* or *Alexander*; for this hath no other foundation, than the soyle where it was sowed, and where the goodliest things display themselves like flowers, and like flowers also have but a morning flourish: But the other having for a firm stay *Eternity*, this Object ennobleth it to perfection: and thus desiring nothing else but heaven, it remains to us at the end for recompence.

The renown of a good man only lasts always.

Blondus in his Treatise of *Rome*,
in

It is some
comfort
yet to a
wise man
though
himself
fade
away, to
see that
all things
else do so
to.

in its triumphant glory, reckons up three hundred and twenty triumphs, all remarkable: but where are now these Pumps, these Magnificences, this infinite number of Trophies, and a thousand other ornaments, which rattled out their glory. Where are I say these Conquerours? where are their slaves? their Idolaters, their admirers? These poms have but flash't like lightning, and so passed away with the day, that accompanied their lustre. These Magnificences have been but seen; and so took their passage in flight. These Trophies being only bravadoes of the time, Time's inconstancy made them vanish in an instant, and all those other ornaments made but ostentation of their continual vicissitude, as being an inseparable accident of their nature. These vanquishers onely had the name on't, since Death led them away also in triumph, for all their triumphings. Their captives were rather slaves of the miseries whereunto they were born, than so by the absolute power

power of him who *captived* them. Their Idolaters have been immolated to the fury of Yeares, which spare none; and their admirers have incurred the same fate with the subject, which they admired: Insomuch, that of all together, remains nothing but a faint remembrance, which as it waxeth old, is effac'd by little and little out of memory; and scarcely will it subsist so much in the imagination, as to be in the end buried among fables. Behold here the *Anatomy* of the glory of the world, see the true pourtraicture of its false Image. Contemplate, meditate, you will avouch with me, that *All is full of vanity.*

Since
Eternity
overly tri-
umphs o-
ver Time,
we should
only strive
to attain
that.

O how stately and magnificent is the Triumph of Ages! what Trophies may a man see at their ever-rowling Chariot! what Conquerours are not in the number of their subjection? what sovereign power can resist their violence? what newer Triumph then this of Years? Who can give

I

in

*A righte-
ous man
onely
stands
exempted
from the
terror of
death.*

in account the number of their victories, and lesse the captives which *Death* serves in for their Trophies? What newer triumph again evermore than of *moneths*, of *dayes*, of *hours*, and *moments*? For consider to your self, how many Kings, Princes, and Lords, die in one age in all the places of the world. All these vanquishers are vanquishd, and led in triumph to the grave. Every year makes its conquest apart, gives battell, and carries away the victory over so many, and so many men, that hardly can one conceive so lamentable a truth; *Moneths*, *Dayes*, *Hours*, and *Moments*, triumph in their courses; who can number all those who died yesterday out-right, or are dead to day? Nay more, how many die at this *hour*, and at this *very instant*, that I entertain you with this discourse. And all these defeats of mortality mark out to us the triumphs, whereof time onely bears away the glory: But let us not pretend to share in't, 'tis not worthy

thy our Ambition. Let *Ages, Years, Moneths, Days, Hours, and Moments*, triumph over us: Very true always limits their puissance, and with it we may prescribe a bound to all these Triumphants. Fair leave may they take to ruin outward beauty, but *that* of innocence is of proof 'gainst all their strokes. Well may they impair outward graces; but those of heaven, condemn their assaults. No doubt they may change the visage of all the *marvels* of Art, and miracles of Nature: Our Resolution is a rock in midst of all their storms, and may remain always it self without undergoing other rules then its own. So that thus we may lead Time it self along in triumph, if we live for nothing more then for *Eternity*.

A good Conscience is ever under shelter from all the incessant tempests of Age.

I scorn the Tyranny of *Ages*, my aim is beyond 'em all. I despise the power of years, my Ambition reigns already out of their reach. Let *Moneths, Days, Hours, and Moments*, entrail all things a-

He which lives for eternity, dreads no death.

long with them; I for my part franchise their carriere, since my scope is much more farther yet. Let them triumph fully, my very defeat shall lead them in triumph at the end of their term, for the Eternity whither I aspire, already assigns out their tomb. *Let us stay no longer in so cragg'd away.*

The Emperour Trajan caused his Sepulcher to be enframed in the midst of Rome's greatest place, as upon a stately Theater, on which his successours were to act their parts. Every man dies for himself; *Sooner or later we must arrive to the place, to which unceasingly we walk.* Be it to morrow, or to day, at the end of the term all is equall. Nor old nor young can mark the difference in their course, being arrived to the end of their carriere, for a hundred Ages when past, and one Instant make but the same thing. 'Tis onely necessary to muse of our last gift in the grave, since thither we run till we are out of breath, from moment to moment.

Serius
aut citi-
us me-
tam pro-
peramus
ad unam.

The

The *Trojans* would have the burying-places of their Princes to be in the most remarkable places of the City, to the end, that this sad object might serve as a fixt *Memento* to remembrance them, that the Tragedy, which had been acted by these yesterday, might again be represented by some other to day.

Places of
buriall
are sad
Theaters,
where
every day
are acted
none but
Tragedies.

The Philosophers know that objects move the faculties, and that according to the quality of their impressions, they work upon the spirits, which contemplate them. Let us say now, that of all the direfull objects, which are presented to our eyes, there is none more powerfull over our apprehensions, than this of the *Meditation of Death*, and the horror of the Grave. The most couragious yield themselves to these assaults, the most valiant resist not their violences. All droop at approach of an enemy so redoubtable. But our defeat, if rightly carried, is more glorious than our Triumph. What

successle is this, by being overcome, to bear away the crown of victory? such submission is a mark of Sovereignty.

If the meditation of death make not a sinner change his life, nothing will do it.

Petrus Gregorius tells us of the Emperour *Charles* the fifth, that he caused his winding head-kercher to be carried before him for a standard in all his Armies, six years before he died, to the end, that the continuall object of his greatnesse, might not be too powerful to tempt him to misconceive himself.

We do the same every day, without thinking on it, for our shirts are in a manner as so many winding-sheets, which we carry always with us in all places where we go: But if this sad object be not enough to moderate our ambition, and rebate our vanity, this voluntary is inseparable from pain, we must needs undergo the Law, which we impose upon our selves.

'Tis best to let Death be welcome to us, since 'tis inevitable.

L O R D suffer me not, if it please thee, so far to mistake myself, as never to come to the point of

of meditating of this blessed Decree, which thou hast imposed on me, to die one day. But illuminate my spirit with the light of thy grace, which may stead me as a *Pharos*, to shew me the haven of the *grave*, where the ship of my life must put ashore. Make me also, if it please thee, to be ignorant of all things else, but the knowledge to live *well*, that I may also *dye so*; and thus, let the miseries which accompany me, the mishaps that follow me, and all the other afflictions which thy goodness hath subjected me to, be the ordinary objects of my thoughts, to the end, that I stray not from the way of my salvation. And now have I no other passion, but to see the effects of these prayers. *Let us go to the end.*

Those that have averred, that the world is to us an hostile Army, composed of so many Soldiers as there are objects in nature, capable to agitate the power of our passions, had very

good reasons to defend the truth of their *Thesis*. These objects of it make warre against us continually, with all the assaults, inventions, and stratagems of a cruell enemy. *Beauty*, that assaults our souls, by the way of our eyes, with as much cunning as force; for at first view, it amuseth the sense with admiration, by a slight of complacence, to which its sweets and allurements insensibly engage it. Afterwards the *Sensus Communis*, receiving the fair *Species* of the *Idea* of this fair enemy, presents them to the *Fancy*, the *Fancy* to the *Understanding*, which after it hath examined them according to its capacity, offers them to the *Will*, which by a naturall apprehension finds its self obliged to love the subject from whence these amiabls do proceed. And now then it is the *Cue* of Reason, either to condemn or authorize this love; but most often that becomes charmed it self, and we vanquish't. Not that Reason is not sufficient,
ly

ly strong and powerfull, but whereas its force and virtue depends meerly upon Grace, the contempt which ordinarily it makes of this, renders both alike unprofitable. This is that which obliges us in all these conflicts, to implore the help of heaven, rather then to trust upon our strengths, and evermore to have a jealous eye to this our subtile enemy, which yet can never get other advantage upon us, then that which our wretchednesse suffers it to acquire.

The very fairest objects of the world, may well inforce admiration, but not love, since love cannot be formed in our hearts, but by a powerfull reflexion of the amiable qualities which are found in the subject, and in this it is necessary, that the Understanding do operate, and the Will consent. And this cannot be done without a free deliberation, which we absolutely authorize. Inſomuch, that we cannot be overcome, if we ruſh not into it

Our paſſions are the flatterers of the world, for they aſſault us with thoſe ſemblant ſatisfactions to us, as may ſeem moſt agreeable; and thus they are moſt to be feared.

We cannot juſtly complain of our defeat, ſince it is voluntary.

with desire of our own overthrow. And this not so neither, as if there were no trouble in the resistance; but rather it is a way to acquire much more glory in the victory over beauteous objects, by the power of reason, which is more troublesome and difficult, than that which one gets over an enemy by force of armes. But the honour also surpasseth always the difficulty, and what pain soever a man can possibly take, the prize and crown at last can admit of no comparison.

The rewards
which
God hath
prepared
after all
our troubles,
do
infinitely
surpasse
our de-
serts.

We must then bravely combat those proud *beauties*, which make publick profession to enchain our *hearts* in irons, and put our *soules* upon the rack, and let them see, to their confusion, that the naturall Magick of their charmes is to us a new Art of Logick, which informs us to make Arguments, both to give for granted their power, and yet destroy their force. Fair leave have they to *expose* to view their blandishments, and graces: the
light

light of *Reason* produceth a lively Day, whose luster dukes the midday-splendour ; for by the aid of this light a man may see, that all their quaintnesses are but dabbings, their delicacies but artifice, and their attractives but only composed by distillatories. And how can one Idolatrize them then, after meditational presentment of these verities ? Behold the only means to prescribe a rule over these Sovereigns, who would impose it on the whole world. Not that this kind of combat requires force of courage, but rather of prudence, after first a misprise of them to flye away, and not to put the victory into hazard.

He commands best, that can obey reason.

There are yet other enemies, which render themselves as redoubtable as the former, such are *Ambition, Riches, &c.* what means is there to resist them, or, to speak better, to vanquish them ? they have no less allurements, and sweets, then the *beauties* afore-spoken of, and though the force

of them be different, they cease not neverthelesse, to excite and move the passions with all sort of violence.

Ambition ha's its particular delicacies, and charmes, to ravish mens hearts, and soveraignize, over their souls; and I believe, that its Empire extends it self far beyond that of *Love*: for all the world is not capable of this latter passion, but of the other every man has a smatch from that defect, from our original, wherewith a man is tainted. And this passion is so much the more to be feared, as it is natural, and growing up with us in measure as we grow our selves. The means to vanquish it, is to study to know ones-self, and thus plainly to see the frailty of our foundation.

What *Ambition* can a man have, that knowes the number of the greatest part of the miseries and mishaps which accompany his life! To what can he pretend, being not able to dispose of one onely moment? Nay, what

Vanity is bred and born with us, but it is in our choyce, whether to let it ever keep us company.

what can he wish for beyond himself; since for any long time together, he has not strength enough to look down to his own feet? What high aim can he give his designs, since all his thoughts, his desires, and hopes, have their limited scope beyond his power, as depending upon the *Future*, whereof he cannot dispose. All lyes then in this, to know our Selves, that is, to consider the certainties thus sensible, both of our defects and infirmities.

It is the best Mystery of all humane Trade, to learn to die daily, and in this Vocation, they that are active, apprehend, are Masters

The Passion for Riches is alwaies extreme, allowing no moderation in our hearts. It is a kind of hydropick malady, wherein thirst increaseth the more one drinks. A rich man of ten thousand pounds a year, wisheth thirty thousand, and if perhaps he see the effects of his desires, he soon conceives new ones, being never able to finde content in the enjoyment of the goods which he already possesseth.

That temperament of spirit, which Philosophy teacheth us, to live

The true
knowledg
of Vertue,
would,
soon insi-
nuate its
love.

live content in whatsomever condition a man is in, is a virtue so chaste, that it suffers it self to be possessed by no body, in this age wherein we are; not that a man cannot enjoy it, but it is to be sought in the purity of the conscience, rather than in the world, where it is unknown but only barely in name.

This greedy passion of heaping treasure upon treasure, is so proper to our criminal and corrupt nature, that a man cannot guard himself from it, without a special help from *Heaven*. Since that robbery, which our *first Parents* made in the terrestrial Paradise, all our thoughts and hopes are so thievish, that they would rob the future of those goods, which we wish for then, making no esteem of those which we already possesse; our hearts sigh uncessantly with impatience, in attendance of a new acquist. What remedy now is there to cure so contagious a malady, whose insensible colour makes us often con-

contemn a remedy? what means I say, to triumph over a passion so strong and puissant, and to which our nature it self lends a hand? It is certainly an action of study, where reason with time must get the advantage. It is necessary to consider every time that this desire to amasse riches, doth presse and force us; what shall we do with all these *treasures*, after we have heapt them up? To leave them to our *heirs*, it is to make them rich with our own loss, which they too perhaps will laugh at, in the possession. It is, I say, to damn our selves for others profit, as if we had never lived for our selves. To carry them into the grave with us, is to have laboured for forms; what shall then become on them? We must of necessity leave 'em behind. O cruell necessity! but yet most sweet and pleasing in its continuall meditation, since it teaches us to undervalue all that may be lost.

There are a great number of other passions, which may master us

*Poverty
of spirit
is the
greatest
riches.*

*It is the
best pro-
vidence
in this
world to
lay up
treasures
for the
other.*

us with the same violence, according to the disposition of the predominating humour which possesseth us; such are *Choler*, *Envy*, *Detraction*, &c. but with the only force of Reason, assisted with the usuall grace, which concurs in all good actions, we may easily be able to triumph over them.

We read of *Pyramider* King of *Egypt*, that being one day in choler against one of his slaves, he heard a clap of thunder so terrible, that he became suddenly quite appeased; as if he had had this thought, that the gods were angry with his fury, since they clamoured louder than he. Let us have often the same thoughts, but with more truth and illumination, every time that this blind passion would exercise over us its tyranny. My meaning is, that in the violentest heat of our *Choler*, we lend an ear of imagination to the noise of the thunder of divine Justice, that thus we may be appeased at the same time,

time: For what ground have we to be armed with fury, against our neighbours, when heaven is animated with just vengeance against our selves?

It is a good method, first to fear God, then to love him.

The Passion of Envy, as black as hell, and the most criminall of all together, proceeds from an inveterate mischievousnesse, to which nature contributes nothing at all. It is a devillish passion, whose fury and rage keeps the soul in fetters, and whose thievish jealousie robs away the goods of others in a hounding after them, and yet possesse none of them. What means is there then to vanquish this untameable vice? No other but this, to consider the Justice of that adorable Providence, which imparts never its favours and graces, but with weight and measure. God cannot do but justly, since his Justice is no other then himself. Then if this man have 10000. pounds a year, and I but a 100. whereof can I complain? shall I doubt the reason from Reason it self? shall I accuse Justice

Envious men are most their own enemies, and rob themselves of their own quiet.

Justice of injustice? To take for granted that the Sovereign of all does what he will, and the Almighty what he pleaseth, I will alwayes relye to that ballance which God bears in his hand, and by which himself weigheth his actions to the poize of his will, and consequently to the measure of his Justice. What objection can be made against this truth?

The en-
vious
man is
never in
health,
tortured
with the
Heckish
Feaver of
his ever-
burning
passion.

Envious *Maligner*, adore that, which thou canst not comprehend, and then instead of pining for the good, which thou enjoyest not; give thanks to Heaven for those which thou possessest, and how small soever they be, they are ever great enough to amuze thee all thy life-long to the study of thankfull acknowledg-ment.

The Passion of Detraction is easily overcome by a fresh consideration of our own proper defects: For, of all the Vices whereof we accuse one another, our hearts may convince us. If I call a man thief, am not I a greater thief than he, since against the Lawes of charity

charity, I rob him of his honour by this injury? Suppose he be a false villain, yet in calling him by this name, I betray the secret, which his fault should in charity impose upon me. But if he be nothing so; lo I my self am now a Traytor both at once of his reputation, and mine own conscience. There is no fault more unpardonable, than this of *Obliguy*; and in that regard for a just expiation of this crime, it is fitting that the tongue which did the hurt, should give the remedy.

It is more important to learn to hold ones peace, than to hold up the talk.

Thou *Detraçtour*, if thou canst not moderate thy passion, speak ill onely of thy self, *Study* thine own vices, *Meditate* thine own faults, and *Accuse* thy self of them before Heaven, which is already witnesse of thy crimes; and by this way of reproaching, thou shalt obtain one day to be praised eternally. *Behold me now at the end of the Chapter.*

After all these particular remedies with which a man may learn easily

He that
after mu-
ses of
Death,
will every
day learn
to live
w. l.

easily to resist the tyranny of the Passions, there is none more sovereign then this of the *Meditation of Death*. All the rest abbut at this onely, as the most authorized, by daily experience.

Great Kings, suffer your selves to be led in triumph by your own thoughts to the grave, and by the way consider how your greatnesse, your riches, your delights, and all the magnificence of your Court, follow you step by step, being brought along by the same fate, whose absolute Tyranny spares none. And since you may dye every houre, think at the least sometimes of this *Truth*, to the end that that hour of your lifes Dyall surprize you not. Much good do it you to nourish up your selves deliciously, yet all these *Viands* wherewith you repast your selves are *empoisoned*, as containing in them the * *four contrary qualities*, whose discord puts into skirmish your humours, and this battell is an infallible presage of your overthrow:

* Caliditas,
Humiditas,
Frigiditas,
Siccitas.

throw : well may you chase away *Melancholy*, by vertue of fresh pleasures, these very contentments cheat away your life, for though you think of nothing but how to passe away the time, it passes ere you think on it, and *Death* comes before you have foreseen his arrivall. Well may you cocker up your bodies, content your senses, and satiate the appetite of your desires: the Taper of your life has its limited course, as well as that of the day. Every man pursues his carriere, according to the inviolable Lawes of Heaven, which hath assigned them out at once, both the way, and the bounds. Suffer *Time* to lead you by the hand to the *Tomb*, for fear he hale you thither. But in dying muse at least of that *Life*, which never shall have end. All the felicities which you have possesse, are vanished with the flower of your Age, and all those which you will yet enjoy, will flie away with the rest. What will remain with you then, at the

*Pleasures
make us
grow old
as well
as griefs.*

*Fata vo-
lentem
ducunt,
nolen-
tem tra-
hunt.*

Those
pleasures
cost very
dear,
which
are worth
nothing
but re-
pentance.

the last instant of your life, but an irksome remembrance, to have tasted a thousand pleasures, which are past, and to have lost so many means of having had others which would have lasted eternally. *Dis-invest* your selves then, for one hour every day, of all your greatness, and in the presence of your own selves, I mean in review of all your miseries, and mishaps, which are proper to you, *confesse the truth of your nullity,* and of your *corruption*; By this search you shall recover your selves, and by this confession thus shall you *Triumph over your selves.*

A PRO-



A

PROLUSION

*Upon the EMBLEME
of the last Chapter.*

Viewing the ranges of a Library
Of Dead men's bones pil'd in a Cæmetary,
Great Alexander finds Diogenes,
And thus they dialogue.

(Alex.) Cynick, among these
Ruines of frail Mortality, what do'st look?

Diog. For that wherein I fear to be mistook,
I seek thy Father Philip's Scull among
This pell-mell undistinguishable Throng.

Alex. Let's see, which is it? shew me.

(Diog.) Sure 'tis that,
Whose nose is bridge-faln.

Alex. Dead men's all are flat.

Diog. Why then 'tis that where shrowds perpe-
tuall night,
Cav'd in those hollow eye holes, void
of sight.

Alex. Still all are so.

Diog. Why 'tis you' skinle'st brow.
Chap-faln, lip-sunk, with teeth-dis-
ranked row,

Yond'

Yond' peeled scalp.

Alex. Thus still are all alike.

Diog. So shall both You and I, and let this
Strike

Thy knowledge Alexander, and Thy
sence,

'Twixt King and slave, once Dead, 's no
difference.

L'envoy.

Here is no difference; Death hath made
Equall the Scepter, and the Spade.

No dreader Majesty is now

I'th' Royall Scalp, then Rustick brow.

Fair NEREUS has no beauteous grace,

More then Therises' ugly face,

Now both are dead, odds there is none

Betwixt the fair'st, and fowlest One.

Tell me among'st the hudled pile

Of Dead mens bones, which was ere while

The subtil'st Lawyer's, or the Dull

And Ignorant Empty Skull?

Was yond' some valourous Samsons arm?

Or one that ne'er drew sword for harm.

Or wink and tell me, which is which,

Irus the poor, or Cræsus rich?

What are they now, who so much stood

On Riches, Honours, and high Blood?

There's now no Difference, with the Dead

Distinctions all are buried,

Onely the Soul, as Ill, or well,

Is Difference or in Heaven, or Hell.

THE



Alexander, and Diogenes Discouſing among the
Sepulchers of the Dead, the Cynick tells the King,
That in the Graue, Monarchs and Meaner Men
are all alike.



M

V

this
scull.
ther
and
tagi
our
Viā
an i
but
say,
cassin
that
wor



THE M I R R O U R

WHICH
FLATTERS NOT.

CHAP. IV.

WHat a horrid Spectacle is this? What a frightful object? See you not this great number of *Dead Mens* *seulls*, which heaped one upon another, make a mountain of horreur and affright; whose balefull, and contagious umbrage, insensibly invites our bodies on to the grave. What a *Victory* is this over these? but what an inhumanity? but what a defeat? but what a butchery? May we not say, that fury and rage, have assassinated, even Natures self, and that we now alone remain in the world, to celebrate its funerals by

K

ou

Death is
a severe
Judge.
and par-
dons none.

our lamentations, and regrets
*Fathers, Mothers, Children; No-
bles and Plebeians, Kings and their
subjects* are all pell-mell in this stack
of rotten wood, which Time like
a covert, but burning, fire, consumes
by little and little; not able to suffer
that *ashes* should be exalted above
dust.

Proud Spirits, behold here the
dreadfull reverse of the medall.
All these sad objects of mortality,
and yet actively animated, with
horror and affright, by their
own silence enjoyn the same to
you, thus to amuse your Spirits
in the contemplation of their
deplorable ruines. If you be
rich; See here, those who have
possessed the greatest treasures of
the world, are *not now worth* the
marrow of their own bones.
whereof the worms have already
shared the spoyl. If you be *happy*;
The greatest favourites of for-
tune, are reduced to the same
noysomnesse as you see the filth that
enrounds them. If you be *va-
liant*; *Hector*, and *Achilles*, are
thu.

thus here overcome : behold the
shamefull marks of their overthrow !
If you be men of *Science*; Here lyes
the *most learned of the world*. 'Tis
the *Epitaph* on their tomb, *Read*
it.

*Death
may be
contemn-
ed, but
not a-
voided.*

I grant more over, You may be
the *greatest Princes* of the earth.
An infinite number of your com-
panions are buried under these
corrupted ruins. Suppose, in fine,
that your *Sovereignty* did ex-
tend it self over all the Empire
of the world; A thousand and a
thousand too, of your *semblables*,
have now nothing more their
own, then that *corruption*, which
devours, even to the very
bones.

Ambitious Heart; see here a *Mir-
rour which flatters not*, since it repre-
sents to the life the reality of thy
miseries. Well maist thou perhaps
pretend the conquest of the Uni-
verse; even those, who have born
away that universall Crown, are
now crowned but with *dust*, and
ashes.

Covetous Wretch; behold the
K 2 book

*'Tis no
wonder
the Miser
ne're
thinks of
Death,
his
thoughts
are only
taken up
for this
Life.*

book of thy accounts, calculate all that is due to thee, after payment of thy debts: learn yet after all this, that thy *soul* is already mortgaged to devils, thy *body* to worms; and thus, notwithstanding all thy treasures, there will not abide with thee one hair upon thy head, one tooth in thy chaps, nor one drop of blood in thy veins, nor ne're so little *marrow* in thy bones, nay the very memory of thy *being*, would be *extinguish'd* if thy crimes did not render it *eternal*, both here, and in the torments of hell.

*Pride is
but like
the Noon
flourish
of a flower,
which
at Sunset
perisheth.*

*Seneca
Epist.
Quotidie
mori-
mur, quod
tidie
enim de-
mitur
aliqua
pars vite.*

Proud arrogant man; Measure with thy bristled brows, the dilatation of the earth; *Brave* with thy menacing regards the heavens, and the stars. These *mole-bills* of rotnenneſſe, whereof thy *carkasse* is shap't, prepare toward the tomb of thy vanity. These are the shades of *Death* inseparable from thy *body*, since it dies every hour. If thou elevate thy self to day, even to the clouds; to morrow thou shalt be debased
to

to nothing. But if thou doubt of this truth, behold here a thousand witnesses which have made experience of it.

Luxurious Wanton, give thy body a prey to voluptuousness; deny nothing to thy pleasures; but yet consider the horreur, and dreadfulnesse of that *Metamorphosis*, when thy *flesh* shall be turned to *filth*, and even that to worms, and those still to *fresh ones*, which shall devour even thy *coffin*, and so efface the very last marks of thy *Se-pulture*.

How remarkable is the answer of *Diogenes* to *Alexander*? What art thou musing on, *Cynick*, saies this *Monarch* to him one day, having found him in a *Charnell-yard*; I amuze my self here (answers he) in search of thy father *Philips* bones among this great number, which thou see'st; but my labour is in vain, for one differs not from another.

Great Kings; The discusse of this answer, may serve you now as a fresh instruction, to insinuate

to you the knowledge of your selves. You walk in Triumph to the Tomb, followed with all the train of your ordinary magnificences: but by being arrived at this Port, blown thither with the continuall gale of your sighs, your *Pomp vanisheth away*, your *Royall Majesty* abandons you, your greatnesse gives you the *last Adieu*, and this your mortall fall equalls you now, to all that were below you. The dung-hill of your body, hath no preheminance above others, unlesse it be in a worse degree of rottennesse, as being of a matter more disposed to corruption; But if you doubt of this truth, behold and contemplate the deplorable estate, to which are reduced your Semblables. Their bald scalps have now no other Crown, then the circle of horreur, which environs them; their disincarnated hands held now no other Scepter but a pile of worms; and all these wretchednesses together, give them to see a strange change, from what they were in
all

Corrup.
tio opti-
mi pes-
sima.

all the glories of their Court. These palpable and sensible objects, are witnesses not to be excepted against. Let then your souls submit to the experiment of your senses.

But what a Prodigy of wonder is here ! do I not see the great Army of Xerxes, reduced and metamorphosed into a hand-full of dust ? All that world of men in those days, which with its umbragious body, covered a great part of the earth, shades not so much as a foot on't with its presence. Benever weary of thinking of these important truths.

Seneca in the Tragedy of Hercules brings in Alcmena, with grievous lamentation, bearing in an urn, the ashes of that great Monster-slayer ; And to this effect makes her speak ; Behold, how easily I carry him in my hand, who bore the Heavens upon his shoulders. The sense of these words, ought to engage our spirits to a deep meditation upon the vanity of things, which seem to us most

K 4

durable.

The serious meditation is his miserable condition, as capable to make any man wise.

In Hercules
Oetæo.
Ecce vix
totam
Hercules
Comple-
vit ur-
nam,
quam le-
ve est
porcus
mihi, Cui
totus æ-
ther por-
cus incu-
bit leve ?

durable. All those great Monarchs who sought an *immortality* in their Victories and Triumphs, have mist that, and found *Death* at last, the enjoyment of their Crowns and splendours, being buried in the same Tomb with their bodies. See here then a new subject of astonishment.

The world is a Game at Chess, where every of the Set has his particular Name and Place designed: but, the Game done, all the pieces are jellmelled into the Bagge: and even so are all mortals into the Grave.

The Mathematicians give this Axiome, All lines drawn from the Center to the Circumference are equall. *Kings* and *Princes*, abate your haughtinesse, your subjects march fellow-like with you to the Center of the Grave. If life gave you preheminance; *Death* gives them now equality. There is now no place of affectation, or range to be disputed: the heap of your ashes, and their dust, make together but one *Hillock* of mould, whose infection is a horreur to me. I am now of humour not to flatter you a whit.

We read of the *Aethiopians*, that they buried their Kings, in a kind of Lestall: and I conceive thereof no other reason, then according

ing to the nature of the subject, they joyned by this action, the shadow and the substance, the effect with the cause, the stream with its source; for what other thing are we then a masse of mire, dried and bak'd by the fire of life; but scattered again and dissolv'd by the Winter of *Death*; and in that last putrefaction, to which *Death* reduceth us, the filth of our bodies falls to the dirt of the earth, as to its center, for so being conceived in corruption, let us not chink strange to be buried in rottenesse.

Earth, dust, and ashes, remain still the same, be it in a vessell of gold, or in a coffin of wood, or in a Mausolean Tomb of marble. Great Kings, well may you cover your wretchednesse, with a magnificent Sepulcher, they will for all this not alter condition, the noysomenesse of your bones is never without the abhorment, and putrefaction proper to them. And if (suppose) their masse be reduced into dust, and the wind

*'Tis well,
men hide
them-
selves af-
ter death
in the
Earth, or
be enco-
sured of
Tombs,
their filth
and noy-
somenesse
would
else be too
much dis-
covered.*

carry it away, the very wings, of the wind are laden with rottenness, and can scatter nothing else in a thousand places, where ere they fall. *I will a little straggle out of the way without losing my aim.*

Fabius Paulus reports, that upon the Tomb of *Isocrates*, there was a Syren seated upon a Ram, and holding a Harp in her hand. And this gave to understand, This famous Oratour charmed mens soules through their eares, by the sound of his admirable eloquence. But whereas no melodious air was heard from the mute Harp of this Syren, it was required of the Spectators, to take for granted in imagination, the harmony of her sweet touches, as embleme of the sweetness of this great Oratours voyce: But Death imposeth silence on both, and thus remained they a sad sight, both in object, and mysteries contained under; since now of these passages remains no more but a weak remembrance, and whereof

Time

How unsufferable is the vanity of men, who even upon their Tombs, will have the display of their vain-glory.

Time by little and little, effaceth even the *Idea's*.

Johannes Baptista Fontanus relates, that upon the Sepulcher of *Q. Martius* there was 'graven a *Ram* supported upon the two fore-feet, and a *Hare* dead by its side. The *Ram* represented the generosity of this great *Captain* in all combats, and the *dead Hare*, his *vanquish't* enemies: But what honour now remains him after their defeat? This *vanquisher* of an infinite number of miserable wretches, is at the last overcome with his own miseries. Though *Triumphant* in a thousand combats, one *marble stone* now contains all his *Trophies*, and *Glory*. O deplorable fate! to have but seven foot-earth, after conquest of the greatest part of the earth.

Plutarch assures us, that upon the Tomb of *Alexander*, there was represented in Emblem, *Asia* and *Europe*, appearing *vanquish't*, and in the chains of their captivity, with this motto, which served as a fresh *Trophy*, *The victory of*
Alexan.

The mis-
rise of
the world
is more
glorious
then all
is he-
lour.

« Le jeu
ne vaut
pas la
chandelle.

Alexander. O poor victory ! O sorry triumph ! for where are now its Laurels , and Palms ? *This great Monarch* conquered the whole world , but being never able to conquer his *ambition* , *This* in the end , hath taken away all the glory , which it made him acquire. *Great Princes* , advance then on to the conquest of the *Universe* , but I advertise you one thing , All those that are returned from the same action , have much repented themselves , to have taken so great pains for so small a matter. * *The Game's not worth the Candle* , as the *Proverb* is. But if you love to Conquer , and triumph ; your passions will furnish you with such subjects every hour. *Let's once see the end of our career.*

We read of *Cyrus* , that he caused to bee engraven these words upon the stone of his Monument , *HERE LYES THE CONQUEROR OF THE PERSIANS* : But what excesse of mishap could have

have reduced so great a Monarch to such an excesse of wretchednesse, must it be said? Here lyes, of one that lately stood so triumphant? Would he have men admire his past glory in view of that vault, where he was entered? would he have men adore magnificencet of his Life upon the same Altar, where Death exhibits him as a Victim? Is not this a vanity more worthy of compassion, than envy?

The History of the life of Themistocles was to be read upon the marble of his Sepulcher, but twas forgotten, there to depaint also the Story of his Death. Behold the high deeds of Themistocles, this was the Inscription. But to us it may be of importance to consider, that although the wonders, which he had done, were onely graven upon the Port of his Monument; yet for all that, they also made their entry into it, and followed the fate of their Authour: so that now rests nothing of Themistocles, but Name, for

*'Tis but a
poor satisfaction
to have
for recompence
of so
much
pains, but
the ostentation of
a glorious
Sepulcher,*

for of all that he hath done, the wind hath carried away the glory; and the small remembrance on't, which sticks by us, is but a pour-trait of *vanity*.

fn. 10.
12.

There is
no course
swifter,
then that
of Life to
Death.

* Sit si-
des penes
Autho-
rem.

There was represented upon the Tomb of *Joshuah*, the Sun with this Inscription, *Sun stand thou still upon Gibeon*. True it is, the Sun stood still in the mid'st of his carreere, to give full Triumph to this great Captain over his enemies: But after they were overthrown, this Planet jealous of his glory conducts him also to his grave, as not enduring to see any thing upon earth, as durable as it self. So true it is, that all things here flit away, with the swiftnesse of a Torrent; though their flight to us seem much more slow.

The Epitaph, which some * writings report us of *Adam*, has not so much splendour and magnificence, as the others. He is dead, sayes his Epitaph, speaking this onely of him. O excellent Epitaph! Men shall say

no more of you one day, *Great Kings*. Well may you with *Q Martius* come off victorious from all combats, and enter in triumph into Cities with *Alexander*. Well may you cause to be insculp't the History of your *Acts*, upon the marble of your Sepulchers, like as *Themistocles*; and well may you *Sub-pana* the *Sun* for a witness of the reality of your triumphs, like *Joshuah*; Yet for all this, men shall say no more of you, then was said of *ADAM*, *HE IS DEAD*. They are dead, and there is all.

The Epitaph of *David* composed by some, from consequence of Scripture: is worthy remark: Here lyes the invincible Monarch, who in his child-hood overcame Bears, in his adolescence Lions, in his youth Gyants, and in his age himself. Travellour, envy not his repose, for thou art in the way to it thy self. These words are exprest in a near regard to the sense of those, which are couched in Scripture upon this subject; and I thereto

thereto can add no more then this discourse of my astonishment, and rapture.

What ! so great a Prince as *David*, favoured by heaven, and redoubted upon earth, and so endowed by Nature ; shall he glympse out a little but like a flash of lightning, and passe away like a puffle of wind ? where then shall a man finde constancy and assurance ? What can be the site and foundation of all these our new wonders of the world, whose beauty seems to contest for luster with the very Sun ? O LORD, to me it is a most agreeable consolation, to see in my race to the tomb, how all things follow me. I am well apayd, that there is nothing here below durable, but thy *Word* alone, since this makes me hope for an *Eternity*, which shall never be subject to the inconstancy of times. Let all things LORD change with me, and thus I love this change, for in rowling along, from time to time toward the grave, I still approach

Inconstancy is the onely foundation of created things.

approach towards thee, and consequently to my sovereign repose, and last felicity. Let us follow our first traces.

The first Epitaph which was put upon Tombes, was that of the fair *Rachel*, as is partly remark'd from Scripture, and *Borchardus* assures us it was a Pyramid, which *Jacob* erected; sustained upon a dozen precious stones, with this Inscription.

Gen. 15
20.

HERE LYES BEAUTY
AND LOVE.

Ladies, let your sweetnesse and blandishments now change language, and let them tell us no more that you are fair, since Beauty is buried in the Tomb of the fair *Rachel*: But if you make bravado of your crisped hairs, whose glistering charms dazle the eyes, and captivate mens souls at once: Her bright locks dispersed into a thousand golden wreaths, had the power to enchain mens hearts, and yet her
vertue

Ladies, if
you be
fair to-
day, there
is a to-
morrow
when you
shall not.

vedue was to despise this power. But for all this, notwithstanding Nature was never able to exempt from rottenness this *Mistris*, or *Master piece* of the works of her hands. Suppose that Majesty it self, has no better *Mirror* then from the clear reflections of your Ivory fore-heads : *Rachels* was so perfect, that it is in vain to seek terms to express its accurateness, and yet now it is nothing but ashes, if so much.

Let your Eyes (suppose) be more clear and beautifull then the Sunne, able to make a rape upon mens liberties, and enamourate the sternest hearts ; those of *Rachel* were so admirable and bewitching, that she her self redoubted their force and power. Looking her self in a *Mirror*, her own eyes enflamed her, and of this pleasing heat, she apprehended the influence, being her self even tempted to desire it : But for all this, those two sparkling Wonders, quickned with Natures sweetest, and most amiable

All the
tenures
of bodily
perfections
are
held of
time,
whose in-
constancy
steals a-
way with
them ev-
ery mo-
ment.

miable graces, are now nothing but rottenness and corruption.

Be your Cheeks half Lillies, half Roses; your lips Carnation Gilly-flowers; your teeth Orient Pearl, your bosome purest Alabaster, and all these lovely parts enlivened with a spirit divine: fair *Rachel* possessest all these perfections soveraignly, and more then ever you saw, or wisht, as elevated above your knowledge. But (*O mishap*) she herself, in whom all these rare beauties were united, and assembled, is now no more ought at all; or if she be somewhat, it can be but a little dust, and earth, and ashes, which the worms keep possession of, in deposite. *O fearfull Metamorphosis!*

Ladies, will you yet presume your selves fair, after you have thus now assisted in imagination and thought, to the funerals of *Beauty* it self; after you have read, I say, the Epitaph, which Truth it self hath written upon

Every
thing
fades
sooner in
us; then
vanity
and sin.

upon her Sepulture. I grant you have a thousand sweets, and graces : yet now at least confesse ye, that these blandishments are but of so thin aerial worths, that the wind carries them away, as if they were composed of nought else ; for scarcely have they birth, but you see them decay, and then she misprises, that each one makes of them, renders them more capable to produce pittie then love.

It is remarked in the life of that happy *Francis Borgia*, of the Society of the Jesuites, that being engaged in the world to seek a fortune, although the greatnesse of his birth, and merits, were of very great consideration ; the Emperour *Charles*. the fifth committed to his charge the dead body of his dear Spouse, to be conducted and carried to the Sepulcher of her ancestors, which he undertook, holding for an excesse of honour the commandement which he

he had received, and the particular choice which his Majesty had made of his person. But then, when being arrived to the place, where were to be performed the last Exequies of this Princess, they were desirous to visit the corps, according to the ordinary formalities accustomed to be practised in an action so important. Never was seen so much horror, and dismay, as upon the overture of the Coffin, on the countenances of the Spectators. They look for the body of this Princess in his presence, and it is not to be found, for none can know it; her visage, heretofore full of blandishments, and all the graces, both of Majesty, and Sweetnesse, is now but a heap of filth, whereof the worms in swarms, and still encreasing, keep the Court of guard upon the putrefaction. And the rest of her body is still a fresh stock for these vermine, who have now already
rea

There is no object more affrightful then mortal misery, but the daily habit of our sad experiences, takes away the horror. But O the worm of conscience is to weak souls much more dreadful, then those which devour the body.

reasonably well satisfied their hunger with this prey.

Even those that enwrapped this Princess in her winding linnen; dare not maintain 'twas she; and he to whose care the body was deposited, knowes not what to say, finding himself so confounded, and astonished with so suddain and affrightfull a Metamorphosis, that he streight resolved at that instant, to quit the world, and devest himself of all his greatnesses, since they are not able to exempt the body from corruption.

Ladies, suffer your selves to be no more surpris'd by vanity, you see to what extremity of horror and misery, are reduceable your allurements and charmes. The greatest Princess of the world, and one of the fairest as hath been, being now fallen from her Imperiall Throne into the grave, not one of her attendants can retain any knowledge of her in so short a space.

*All beauties but
of vertue
are still
changing.*

space. The worms having effaced the lineaments of her resemblance, have inveloped it so deep into corruption, that no where else is it to be found, being but Rottennesse. Reader, render up thy self to the hits of a Truth so sensible.

It is reported of *Semiramis*, that she caused to be put upon her Tomb this Inscription. The King that shall have need of money, shall finde within this Sepulcher as much as he would have of it. And some time after, King *Darius*, transported with a violent passion of Avarice, caused this Sepulcher to be opened; but found within no other riches, then of so much gold as was necessarily imployed, in the engraving of these words. Covetous wretch, which comest to disturbe the repose of the dead, satiate thy greedy passion upon the treasure of my miseries, since this object is powerfull enough to make thee undervalue all the riches of the world.

*It is an
insolence
to the pri-
viledges
of nature,
to trouble
the repose
of the
Dead.*

You

You that are Covetous, enter often, at least in meditation, into Tombs; visit to such effect the Church-yards, and you shall find therein more riches then you wish for: considering the horreur of that rotten earth, wherein your semblables are entered, you will reason without doubt thus;

To what purpose at last will stead me all the treasures, which I amasse up in my Coffers, if the very richest of the world be but earth, and ashes before my eyes? What shall I do at the hour of my death, with all the goods which I now possesse, if even my body be a prey destinated to worms and rottenesse?

L O R D, I aim at nothing of this world, but that glory alone, which a man may acquire by the contempt of it; but as it is a glory, whereof the acquisition depends of grace, more then my force; give me the Courage, if it please thee, to surmount all the temptations, which shall oppose themselves against my design of Victory

All our
hopes de-
pend
from
grace,
nothing
from our
selves.

story, to the end, that my vows may be heard, and my pains recompensed. *I return to my self.*

When I consider, that all the world together, is but as it were a *Cemiterie* or *Church-yard*, wherein, every hour of the day, some wretchednesse, or other, brings to the grave those whom such their miserable condition hath destroyed; I have no more passionate desire of life, since evils and troubles are proprieties of it rather than we. *Who can keep account of the number of persons, that expire at this very moment, that I am now speaking to you, or the different deaths, which terminate the course of their carriere? All is universally dreadfull, and yet we quake not, either in horreur, or astonishment.*

He which meditates of anothers mans death, puts himself in mind of his own, since we are all slaves to the same fate.

A Walk into *Church-yards*, and *Charnels*, though it be sad and melancholy, by reason of the dolefull objects there obvious, hath yet neverthelesse something in it agreeable to content good

L

souls,

In many
of the
Church-
yards of
France,
are thou-
sands of
dead
mens
skulls and
bones, pi-
led up, as
at St In-
nocents
at Paris,
S. Croix
at Orle.
ans, &c.
Medita-
tion upon
the vani-
ties of life
is a picture
of serious
felicity
before
death.

soules, in the contemplation of those very objects, which they there finde. How often have I taken pleasure to consider a great number of Dead mens skulls arranged one in pile upon another with this conceit of the *vanity*, and *arrogance*, wherewith other-while they have been filled? Some have had no other *care* but of their *Hairs*, employing the greatest part of their time, either to frizle or to *empowder* them; and represent unto your selves, by the way, what *recompence* now betides them for all their *pains*. Others, all full of *ambition*, had no other aims but at *Coronal-Wreaths*; consider a little in this their misery, the injustice of their pretensions.

I ha' remark'd in sequell how a little *worm* did gnaw the *arm* of some late *Samson*, reducing thus all his force to an object of *compassion*, and *wretchednesse*; since that *arm*, heretofore so strong, and dreadfull, had not now force enough to resist a little worm. Reader, muse often of these truths,
and

and thou shalt finde therein more joy
than sadnesse.

Typotius reports of John Duke
of Cleveland, that to testifie the
frailty of our nature, and themise-
ries of our condition, he had taken
the Emblem of a Lilly, with this
device.

Hodie hoc, cras nihil. It flou-
rishes to day, to morrow 'tis no-
thing.

Hodie
Lilium,
Cras Ni-
hilum.

Great Kings, your life is like this
Lilly, it appears like this flower,
at Sun rise with glittering and
pomp; but at noon its vivacity
and lustre begins to fade; and at
the end of the day it vanisheth a-
way with it, and scarce its being is
remembered.

Even
those
things
which
seem most
durable,
have in
effect but
a morn-
ing prime
like flow-
ers.

We read, in *Apianus*, of Pompey,
that after he had triumphed o-
ver three parts of the world, he
carried nothing away with him
to the grave, but these words,
Hic situs est magnus Pompeius,
Pompey is here buried with all his
Pomp.

O World, how poor art thou,
since thou hast but such a thing

of nought to give? O Fortune, how miserable art thou, when thy favourites are exposed to publick view, as objects of compassion? Let him trust in them who will, a man shall never be able to escape their trumperies, but by despising their favours.

Here lies Hannibal: Behold all the honour, which posterity rendered to the memory of so great a Captain. And *Time*, even jealous of the glory of his name, though not able to bury it in the Abysses of *Oblivion*, hath yet devoured the very marble of his *Sepulcher*. Are not these things truths worthy to raise astonishment?

Time is
as inex-
orable
as Death,
and nei-
ther of
them
spare
any.

'Tis remark't in *Suetonius*, of one of the Roman Emperours, that being now at last gasp, and, as it were, at a bay with *Death*, he cryed out in excessse of astonishment; *Fui omnia, sed nihil expedit: I have been all in all, but now it nothing helpeth me. I have tasted all the pleasures of all the greatnesse of the world,*
but

but the sweets are changed into
sours, and only their bitter disgust
staves with me.

Experiment all the delights of
the Earth, *Great Kings*, the distast
will ever at last onely remain to
your mouths, and sorrows to
your hearts; and if these do no
good on you, a thousand eternall
punishments will possesse your
souls. Represent to your selves,
that all the felicities of *Life*, are
of the same nature as *that* is; *That*
decayes every moment, and *they*
flit away without cease. The
contentments which men receive
here below, are like the pleasures
of the Chace, which are onely
relish't running. *I draw to an*
end.

Content-
ments,
cause in
their pri-
vation as
extreme
discon-
tents.

Belon in his *Monuments* of the
Kings of Egypt, sayes, that *they*
were enterred with such a splen-
dour of Pomp and Magnificence,
that even those who had diverse
times before been admirers of it,
were for all that often in doubt,
whether the people went to place
the corps in the Throne again,

rather than in their Sepulcher. O how ill to the eyes is the lustre of this sad kind of honour! For if vanity be insupportable barely of itself, these excesses of it, put the spirits upon the rack.

Diodorus Siculus, speaking of the Tomb which *Alexander* caused to be erected, for his favourite *Ephestion*, assures that the magnificences, which were there to be admired, were beyond as well all value, as example. *Marble*, *Brasse*, *Gold*, and *Pearl*, were profusely offered to most cunning Artisans, to frame thereof such works wherein *sadnesse* and *compassion*, might be so naturally represented, that they might affect the whole world with the like. *Diamonds*, *Rubies*, and all other precious stones, were there employed, under the Image of a *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars*. It seems this *Monarch*, blinded with Love, thought to hold the *Planets* captive in the glorious enchainments of those fair Master-pieces, as if he would revenge himself of
them

A man
should
never be
angry
with his
bard
for the
decrees
on't are
inviolable.

them for their malignant influences, which they had powred upon the head of his dear *Ephestion*. But this conceit was vain, for the same Stars, whose captivity he ostented upon this Tomb, conducted him also by little and little to his grave.

The Romans transported with passion, to honour the memory of the *Dictator Sylla*; caused his statue to be framed of a prodigious height, all composed of perfumes, and cast it into the *Funerall pile*, where his body, whereof this was also but a shadow, was to be burnt to ashes: Being desirous by this action, to give to understand, that as the odour of his statue dispersed it self through all the City of *Rome*, the much more odoriferous savour of his peculiar virtues, would spread it self through all the world. But to go to the rigour of the *literall sence*, it is credible, they had not cast in this aromaticall statue into the stack, but onely to temper the excesse of the stench of the body,

which was to be consumed with it. And I proceed to imagine beside, that the odour of this statue, the cinders of his body, and all the glory of the actions of *Sylla*, had all the same fate; since the wind triumph't over them altogether. *Behold the reverse of the Medall of Vanity!*

'Tis remark't in the life of the Emperour *Severus*, by the report of *DION*, that he made to be set at the gate of his Palace an *Urn* of marble, and as oft as he went in or ut, he was accustomed to say, laying his hand on it. *Behold the Case that shall enclose him, whom all the world could not contain!*

Great Kings, Have often the same thoughts in your souls, if you have not the like discourses in your mouths, The *smallest vessel of earth is too great for the ashes of your bodies*, which shall remain of them, after the worms have well fed on them: for the wretchednesse of your humane condition, reduceth you at last to so small a thing,

thing, that you are *nothing at all*. But if I must give a name to those grains of corrupted dust, which are made of your deplorable remains, I shall call them the *Idea's* of a dream, since the memory of your being, can pass for no other together with the time. Behold a fresh subject of *Entertain!*

Minor-ly is considerable in respect of his noble actions.

Some of our Ethnick Historians report to us, that the *Troglodites* buried their kindred and friends, with the tone of joyfull cryes, and acclamations of *mirth*.

The *Lothophagi* cast them into the Sea, choosing rather to have them eaten of fishes in the water, then of worms in the earth.

The *Scythians* did eat the bodies of their friends, in sign of amity, insomuch that the living were the Sepulcher of the dead. The *Hircanians* cast the bodies of their kindred to the Dogges. The *Massagetes* exposed them as a prey to all manner of ravenous beasts.

The *Lydians* dryed them in the Sun, and after reduced them to

L 5

powder,

powders, to the end the wind might carry them away.

Amongst all the customes, which were practised amongst these *strange Nations*, I find none more commendable than the first, of the *Troglodites*: looking for no hell, they had good reason to celebrate the funerall of their friends and kindred, with laughter and acclamations of cheerfulness, rather then with tears, and lamentations.

There is
more
content-
ment to
die then
to live,
if we
consider
the end,
for which
man was
created.

The body
of Man
being
made of
earth, is
subject to
earth; but
the soul
bolds on-
ly of its
soveraign
Creator.

For, though that *Life* be granted us by divine favour, yet we enjoy it but as a punishment, since it is no other then a *continuell correction* of our *continuell offences*. Besides the sad accidents which accompany it inseparably, even to the grave, are so numerous, that a man may justly be very glad at the *end* of his journey, to see himself discharged of so ponderous a burthen. Not that I here condemn the *tears*, which we are accustomed to shed, at the death of our nearest friends, for these are *rescentments* of grief, whereo

whereof Nature authorizeth the first violences. But neither do I blame the vertue of those spirits, who never discover alteration upon any rencounter of the mishaps and miseries of the world, how extreme soever they be. And what disaster is it to see dye, either our kindred or friends, since all the world together, and Nature it self, can do nothing lesse. What reason then can a man have to call himself miserable, for being destinated to celebrate the funerals of those, whom he loves best, since the divine Providence, hath soveraignly established this order, and since moreover in this carriere of Death, to which all the world speeds, the Present on't, being not distinguish't but by Time, it will appear when all is come to the upshot, that one hath lived as long as another, since all ages though different during their continuance, are equall then, when they are past. Change we the discourse.

I advow once again, There is no remedy more soveraign to cure the

The living are more to be bemoaned then the dead, they being still in the midst of this life's tempest, but these are already arrived to their Port.

To what
purpose is
Courage
against
those pe-
rils, which
cannot be
avoyded.

Æneid.
lib. 2.
Jacet in-
gens li-
tore
truncus
Avulsus
que hu-
meris ca-
put, &
line no-
mine
corpus.

the passion of *arrogance*, then this
of the *consideration* of *Cemiteries*,
and *Tombs*. The most vain-glo-
rious and ambitious are forced to
yield themselves at the assaults of
these *sad objects*. For a spirit ne-
ver so brave and valorous, can-
not but be astonish'd, when he
sees at his feet the bones and dust
of an infinite number of persons,
who were as valiant as he, what
thoughts can he have but of *submis-
sion*, and *humility*, considering that
one part of himself is already re-
duced into dust and filth? I say
a part of himself, since he himself
is but a piece of the same mat-
ter, which now serves him for ob-
ject, and to the same last point
will be extended one day the line
of his life.

When *Virgil* tells us of the
fate of *Priam*, he brings in *Æneas*,
astonish'd at it, that so great a Mo-
narch should leave to posterity no
other Monument of his greatnesse,
but a *Trunck of flesh*, a *head* separa-
ted from the shoulders, and a *car-
kasse* without name or shame.

Great

Great Kings, This truth is a *Mirroure which flatters not*. Gaze here often in these meditations, and you will surely at length consider, that *All is full of vanity*, and that this glory of the world, whereof you are so strongly Idolaters, is but a *Phantasie*, and *Chimera*, to which your imaginations give that beauty which charms you, and that delicacy, which ravishes you. What think you is it, to be the greatest of the world? 'Tis an honour whereof misery and inconstancy are the foundations, for all the felicities which can arrive us, are of the same nature as we are, and consequently, are miserable as our condition, and as changing. This *Earth* whereon you live, is the *lodging* of the dead, What *eternity* believe you to find in it? *Eternity* of honours, riches, and contentments? There was never any but in imagination, and this *Idea*, which we have of them, is but a reflection from the lightning of Truth, wherewith heaven illuminates

He which makes himself rightly sensible of his misery, is partly in way to be exempted from their tyranny.

There is
nothing
eternall
in this
world,
but this
scope of
truth.

Seneca.
* Hoc
jubet illa
Pythicus
oraculis
adscripta
vox.
Nosce te
psum.

He that
searches
into him-
self, shall
not lose
his la-
bour.

minates noble souls, thus to guide them to the search of the true source of all, by the aid of these small civolets. It is time to finish this work.

I have made appear to you in the first Chapter, the particular study which a man ought to take, to come to the * Knowledge of himself, wherein lyes the accomplishment of perfection, And herein the precept is, The Consideration of the miseries, which are destinated to our Nature, as being so many objects capable enough to force up the power of our reason, to give credence to the resentments of frailty, which are proper to us. But this is not all, to be meerly sensible of our wretchednesse. Serious Consideration must often renew the Idea's of them in our souls, more then the hard experience of them. And this to the end, that vanity, to which we are too incident, may not surprize us, during the intervals of a meditation, so important. We must often dive into

our

Our selves, and seek in the truth of our nothingness, some light to make us thus to know our selves. Afterwards making a rise a little higher, it is necessary to consider the End, for which we were created, and in this consideration to employ all the powers of the severall faculties of our souls, to the generous design of getting possession of that glory. Behold the Corollary of my first Argument or Chapter.

The second instructs us a new means, to resist powerfully the hits of the vanities of the world, from the example of the wretchedness of * one of the greatest Monarchs of the world. Fortune had refused him nothing, because she meant to take all from him, for in the height of his glory he finds himself reduced to the poorness of his shirt onely, which is all he carries with him into the grave. And this makes us sensibly perceive that the greatnesses of the earth are Goods, as good as estranged from humane nature, since

* Saladin.

Poverty and Riches depend upon opinion, and a noble soul is above his fortune in what condition soever he be.

Et quam
veneraris,
& quam
despicias,
unus ex-
aquabit
cinis.
Sen.

The hor-
rour of
Death, is
purely in
the weak-
nesse of
imagina-
tion.

since in this mortall and perishing condition we can onely possesse their usance, and the term of this possession is of so short endurance that we see as soon the end as the beginning. Reader, represent unto thy self, how thou shalt be dealt with at thy death, both by Fortune and the World, since the Minion of this blind Goddesse, and the greatest of the Universe is exposed all naked in his shirt in sight of all his subjects, to be given in prey to the worms, as well as the most miserable of the Earth.

The Third Chapter, where Life leads Death in Triumph, teaches us the Art to vanquish this Untameable, by considering its weaknesse: for in effect, if Death be but a privation, 'tis to be deprived of reason and judgement, to give it a being, since it cannot subsist but in our impaired imaginations. The fantasm of an Idea is it, whose very form is immateriall, as having no other subsistence, I say, but that which the weaknesse of our spirit gives it,

ic. And again, to come to the most important point; Let this be the close of the recapitulation, that you may have means not to stand in fear on't; * *Muse on it alwayes, look for it in all places, and overcoming your selves, you shall triumph over it. Never did an unblemisht life fear Death.*

The last Chapter, where the object of *Cæmeteries*, and *Sepulchers*, is laid before your eyes, may now again serve for the last touch, since it is a *Theater*, where you must play the *Tragedy* of your lives. All this great number of *Actors*, whose bones and ashes you see there, have every one plaid their part, and it may be, that the hour will soon *Knell*, that you must act yours. Reader, live ever in this providence: A *Man* cannot too soon resolve to do that well, which howsoever must be done of necessity. God grant, that these last lines may once again reproach thee, the bad estate of thy *Conscience*; delay not too long this *Check* to thy self, lest too late the
regreets

Senti

* Inest-
tum est,
quo te
loco mors
expectet;
taque tu
illam
omni lo-
co expe-
cta.

Hodie
mihi
Cras tibi.
Think on
that, Rea-
der; it
may be
thy turn
to mor-
row.

Momen-
tum est
unde
pendet
aeterni-
tas.

Sæpe op-
timus sta-
tus cor-
poris pe-
riculo-
sissimus.

Hic.
Sera ni-
mis vita
est cra-
stina, vive
hodie.

regreets be then in vain. Thy sal-
vation is fastened to an instant: con-
sider the infinite number of them,
which are already slip't away, when
perhaps at that moment, thou wert
in estate (if dying) to incur the pu-
nishment of a second Death, and that
eternall. If thou trust to thy youth,
put thy head out of the window, and
thou shalt see carried to the grave
some not so old as thy self. If thou
relye upon the health, which thou
now enjoyest, 'tis but a false-going
dial. The calm of a perfect health,
hath oftentimes ushered the Tempest of
a suddain Death. What hop's thou
for? hope is deceitful; what stay-
est thou for? A wise man ought ne-
ver to defer till to morrow, what should
be done to day. Lastly, what de-
sirest thou? The peace of consci-
ence is the only desirable good. Go
on then right forward, thou canst
not misse the way which I have
chalk'd thee.

FINIS



PERLECTORI,
The TRANSLATORS
COROLLARY.

SO, Now 'tis done, although it be no Task
That did much Brains, or toylsome Study ask:
The Meaning I vouch good, but Merit small,
In rendring English, the French Principall:
It is but a Translation I confesse
And yet the Rubs of Death in't nerethelesse
May trippe some capering Fancies of the Time,
That Domineere, and Swagger it in Rime,
That Charge upon the Reader, and give Fire,
On all, that do not (as they do) admire
Either their rugged Satyrs cruell vein,
Or puffed paste Notes 'bove Elsa in high strain:
Then in prevention quarrell like a curst
Scold, who being guilty, yet will call Whore first.
When any dyes whose Muse was rich in Verse,
they claime Succession, and prophane his Herse,
They onely are Heirs of his Brain-estate,
Others are base, and illegitimate.
All but their own Abettors they desie,
And lord it in their Wits Supremacie.
Others they say but Sculk, as lye i'th' lurch
As we hold Schismaticks from the true Church,
So hold they all that do decline their way,

Nor swear by Heaven, All's excellent they say,
 'Twere well they'd see the fing'ring on these frets,
 Can neither save their Souls, nor pay their Debts.
 Or would they think of Death as they should do,
 They would live better and more honour'd too.
 'Tis base to do base deeds, yet for false fame,
 To Keep a stirre, and bustle into Name :
 Whilst each applauds his own, contemns anothers,
 Becoms his own deserts, but his he smothers,
 They fear Fame's out of breath, and therefore they,
 Trumpet their own praises in their own way.
 Or joyn in Trick of State Confederacy,
 Call Quid pro Quo, Claw me, and Ile Claw thee.
 Marry, at others (Tooth and Nail) they flye,
 That do not tread their Path, but would go by.
 Farewell to these, my aym not here insists,
 Leave we these wranglers unto equall lists.
 To Nobler Natures I my brest expose,
 The Good I bow to, in an humble Cloze :
 So such as knowing how vain this Life is,
 Exalts their thoughts to one better then This.
 'Tis the best Method to be out of Love
 With things below, and thence to soare above.
 To which effect my souls integrity,
 In L'envoy thus salutes each courteous eye.

L'envoy

L'envoy.

I Ngenuous Reader, thou do'st crown
The Morall active course laid down,
By *De. la Serre*, what is pen'd,
If thy actions recommend.

Relating to the first EMBLEME.

V V Hen haughty thoughts impuff thee, than
Dictate thy self, *Thou art but Man,*
A fabrick of commixed *Dust*;
That's all the prop of humane trust.
How dares a Clod of mouldring *Clay*
Be proud, decaying every day?
And yet there is a way beside,
Wherein may be a lawfull *Pride*.
When fly *Temptations* stirre thee, Than,
Again the World, *Thou art a Man*.
Rouze up thy *Spirits*, do not yield,
A brave resistance wins the *Field*:
Shall a soul of *Heavenly* breath,
Trovell so farre, it's worth beneath:
Souly to be pollute with slime,
Of any base and shameful crime?
Thou art a *Man*, for *Heaven* born,
Reflect on *Earth* disdainful scorn,
Be not abus'd, since Life is *short*,

Squander

Squander it not away in sport :
Nor hazard heavens eternall Joyes,
For a small spurt of worldly Toyes.
Do *Something* ere thou do bequeath
 o *Worms* thy flesh, to Air thy breath;
Something, that may, when thou art dead,
With, *hōnour* of thy name be read.
Something that may, when thou art cold,
Thaw frozen Spirits, when 'tis told;
Something that may the grave controul,
And shew thou hadst a *noble* Soul,
 Do *something* to advance thy blisse
Both in the other World, and This.

Relating to the second
E M B L E M E.

VV Ere both the *Indies* treasures Thine,
And thou Lord of every *Mine*;
Or hadst thou all the golden Ore,
On *Tagus* or *Paſſolus* Shore;
And were thy Cabinet the *Shrine*,
Where thousand *Pearls*, and *Diamonds* shine,
All must be left, and thou alowd,
A little linnen for thy *Shrowd*.
Or if 'twere so thy Testament,
Perhaps a goodly Monument.
What better is a golden Chase,
Or *Marble*, then a *Charnel* place?
Charon hence no advantage makes,
A half penny a soul he takes,
Thy heirs will leave thee but a *Shirt*,
Enough to hide thy rotten Dirt.

Then

Then, be not Greedy of much pelf,
He that gets all, may lose himself.
And Riches are of this Dilemne,
Or they leave us, or we must them.
Death brings to Misers double Wo,
They lose their Cash, and their souls too.
Change then thy scope to heavenly gains,
That wealth eternally remains.

Relatory to the third.

EMBLEM

BE not curious to amaze
With glitt'ring pomp the *Vulgar* gaze,
Strive not to cheat with vain delight,
Those that are caught with each brave sight.
How soon will any gawdy show,
Make their low Spirits overflow,
Whose Souls are ready to run ore
At any Toy ne're seen before.
Rather thy better thought apply,
For to addresse thy self to dye.
Be ne're so glorious, after all
Thy latest pomp's thy Funerall.
Shall a dresse of *Tyrian Dye*,
Or *Venice gold Embroidery*,
Or new-fash'on varied *Vest*,
Sympanize thy out-strutting brest,
There's none of these will hold thee tack,
But thy last colour shall be *Black*.
Be not deceiv'd There comes a Day,
Will sweep thy Glories all away.
Mean while, the thought on't may abate

Th' *Excesses* of thy present 'state:
Death never can that *Man* surprize
That *watches* for't with wary Eyes,
So so: And thou shalt make thereby
A *Vertue of necessity*;
And, when thy *Dying-day* is come,
Go like a man that's walking home.
Heav'n Guard thee with *Angellick pow'r*
To be prepared for *that hour*.
When ev'ry *Soul* shall feel what 'Tis
To have liv'd *Well*, or done *Amisse*.

Relating to the fourth EMBLEME.

LET not the *Splendour* of high *Birth*
Be all thy *Glosse* without true worth.
Let neither *honour*, nor *vast wealth*
Beauty, nor *Valour*, nor *firm health*
Make thee bear up too high thy head,
All men alike are buried.
Scare not with *Supercilious brow*,
Poor folks are *Dust*, and so art *Thou*.
Triumph not in thy worldly Odds,
They dye like men whom we count Gods,
And in the *Grave* it is all one,
Who enjoy'd all, or who had none.
Death cuts off all *superfluous*,
And makes the proudest *One of us*.
Nor shall there *difference* then between,
The dust of *Lords*, or *slaves*, be seen.
Together under ground they lye
Without *distinctive Heraldry*;

Unleſſe it be that ſome brave Tomb,
Do grace the *Great ones* in Earths womb,
But better 'tis that *Heaven's* dore,
Is oft'neſt open to the poor ;
When thoſe, whoſe backs and ſides with ſin
Are bunch'd and ſwoln, cannot get in.
Beware the Bulk of thy Eſtate
Shock thee from entrance in that Gate.
Give Earth to Earth ; but give thy Mind
To Heaven, where it's ſeat's aſſign'd,
If, as it came from that bright Sphere ;
Thither thou tend, not fix it here.

Live, that thy Soul may. White return,
Leaving it's Partner in the Urn,
Till a bleſt day ſhall re-unite,
And beam them with *Eternal Light.*

Ainſi Souhaite

Vostre tres-humble Serviteur

THOMAS CARY.

Tower-Hill,
Antepenultima Auguſti,
1638.

M

To

To my endeared Friend,
the Translatour,

Mr. THOMAS CARY.

I.

'T Is Morall *Magick*, and Wits *Chimistry*,
Out of Deaths Uglinesse
T'extract so trim a Dr. sic:
And to a *Constellated* Crystal eye
Such an imperious spell,
As who looks on it well,
By sprightly Apparitions to the Eye
Shall see he must, and yet not fear to dye.

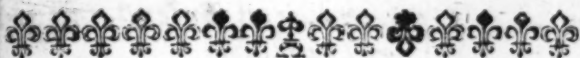
2

No brittle toy, but a tough monument
(Above Steel, Marble, Brasse)
Of *Malleable* Glasle:
Which also will (while Wisdom is not spent)
Out-*price* th' *adored* wedge,
And blunt *Times* Sickle's edge:
Usher'd with gracious safety in its vent,
For, to *dis-feaver* Spirits fairly lent

3.

Friend, here remoulded by thy English hand,
(To speak it, is no fear)
Is now as *slick* and *clear*,
Nay, when Thy own *Minerva* now doth stand
On a *Composing* state,
'Twas court'sie, to *Translate*.
But most thy *Choyce* doth my applause command;
First for thy *Self*, then for this crazie *Land*. A. L.

LEC-



LECTURO.

Conspice, quod vani nudat te gloria Fastus :
Et penetrabundi concipe vera Libri,
O falsis animose bonis : Sireneque rerum
Deductus, vitreas exue delicias.

Interpres Genium, quo vivax Author, ha-
bebit :

Nec tantum Archetypi claustra decora
soni.

Tam bene Cinnamēā pingit feralia cannā,
Phœnicis miro quæ-quasi raptâ rogo.

E gemitu solatiolum, è pædore venustus,
Eque cadavereo vita reculta situ.

Alter in arcanis sapiat subtile docendis
Sublimique suus stet ratione liber :

Alter amet flores, bibuli mulcedo popelli ;
Surdescens tandem planctibus ipse suis.

Præsentem Libitina librum sibi vendicat ; illa
Corripiens artem Rhetoris, illa Sophi.

H. J.



ΤΩ ΕΝΤΕΤΞΑΜΕΝΩ,
ΙΑΜΒΙΚΑ.

ΟΡΘΟΔΟΜΟΙΣ ἄρ' ὥς πῶτε βεβαμμένον
Πίστισι χρησμοδῆμα τῶθ' ὈΛΟΝ, ΚΕΝΟ'Ν.
Τίω δ' ἀτρέχαιαν καὶ λόγῳ Λοφὸν βάλῃ
Μὴ πῶ ξυμπαράλῳσιν αἰσκαῖαι φρένες,
καύχαισιν ἐσπείδουσιν αἰωρεμύδαι,
Τῇ ψευδοάντῳ βεκολεμύδαι φύσιν.
Ἡ δὲ ξίεφλῳ καὶ διπτιπίστερον
Ὀρώσ' ἐπίγνα πάντα τὰν Κόσμῳ γλυκίᾳ,
Σεμνοπρεπῶ τε πάντα (καὶ φῶ αὖ τίςδε
Γιγαντομίμοις ἐδοκῇ φρονήμασι)
Καπιῦ σκίαν, ἢ καπιῦ σκίᾳς ἄναρ.
Μιόνιμιν μόνονδ', οὐδ' οἶμον ἢ τὸ γ' εὐσιγῆς,
Ἀπῆνακπν ἐδραγ' ἔρανοῖς ἀποικίσαν.
Ὡς πάντως ἐν τῷ πάντι τ' Τύχης πλῆρω
Δεῖ μαιτειάζειν, καὶ κραπύς ὕψ' οὐρανῶν.
Ρίπει τὸ Μαιτείοφρον Ἀσέει δίκην,
Οὐ γ' ὕψιφεγγές ἀνεκυματῆ σάλα,
Τύς θ' καπιηδὸν ἀερεμδατῆν ἔρα,
Ἐκ τοῖ ταπεινῶν σπαργάνων πυργήμῳ,
Δέχεσθ' αὖ ταύτης τίω σιλίδα χρησιμῶδ' αἶμα
Μυσιν τε καὶ κήρυκα, καὶ φερονύμους
Σηβαρῆς διαπεισεῖραν ἱπποτυχίας.

HEN. JACOB.

Courteous

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